This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

TX 428.42 .P888 BK.4
Powers, Ella Marie,
Morse readers : practical graded text ..
Stanford University Libraries
3 6105 04920 7652

NTURY SERIES

THE MORSE READERS

FOURTH BOOK

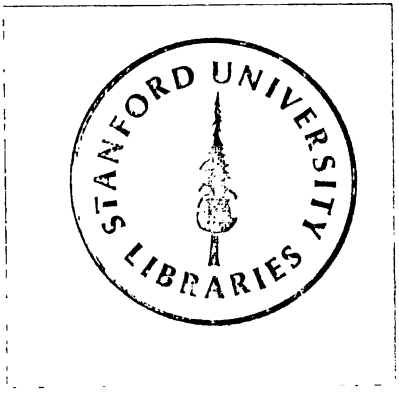
By
ELLA M. POWERS
and
THOMAS M. BALLIET

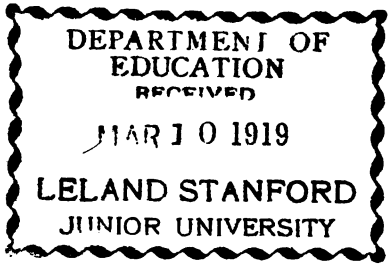
THE MORSE COMPANY

SCHOOL OF EDUCATION
LIBRARY

TEXTBOOK
COLLECTION

STANFORD UNIVERSITY
LIBRARIES


STANFORD UNIVERSITY
LIBRARIES


DEPARTMENT OF
EDUCATION
RECEIVED
MAR 10 1919
LELAND STANFORD
JUNIOR UNIVERSITY

THE MORSE READERS

PRACTICAL GRADED TEXT

Fourth Book

BY

ELLA M. POWERS

AND

THOMAS M. BALLIET

SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

1902

THE MORSE COMPANY

NEW YORK CHICAGO BOSTON

588487
C
COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY
ELLA M. POWERS AND THOMAS M. BALLIET.

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

Norwood Press:
SET UP AND ELECTROTYPED BY J. S. CUSHING & CO., NORWOOD, MASS.

PREFACE.

It has been the aim of the authors in preparing this Fourth Book of the series to exclude lessons whose chief purpose is to impart information. In a series of readers to be used as text books in reading such lessons must necessarily be too brief and too disconnected to be of much value. The selections have been made because of their literary quality and because their content is of a nature to appeal to the interest of young people. They have been culled from the wide field of our juvenile literature and they are among its richest treasures.

Grateful acknowledgment is made of the courtesy of the various publishers for their permission to use selections from their copyright publications:

The selections from the works of Lowell, Longfellow, Emerson, Whittier, Hawthorne, Holmes, Cary and Miller, are published by permission of and by special arrangement with Houghton, Mifflin & Company, the authorized publishers of their works.

"The Story of Elizabeth Zane" is from John Esten Cooke's "Stories of the Old Dominion," published by the American Book Company.

"Jack's Rescue," by Eggleston, is taken from, "The Hoosier Schoolboy," copyright 1896; "Little Bridget's Bath," by Stockton, from "Roundabout Rambles," copyright 1872; "The Garret," by Mitchell, from "Dream Life," copyright 1893; "Travel," by

Stevenson, from "Poems and Ballads," copyright 1896; all of which are published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

"An Arctic Night," from Nansen's "Farthest North," copyright 1897; "Hunting the Hippopotamus" and "The Sorrows of the Birds," from "Life Under the Equator," by Paul du Chaillu, copyright 1896; "An Avalanche," from "The Red Mustang," by W. O. Stoddard, copyright 1890; "A Dickens Children's Party," from "Unwritten Memoirs," by A. T. Ritchie, copyright 1894, are all published by Harper & Brothers.

The thanks of the authors are extended also to Little, Brown & Company; T. Y. Crowell & Company; D. Appleton & Company; G. P. Putnam's Sons; The Macmillan Company; Henry T. Coates & Company; Longmans, Green & Company; Dodd, Mead & Company; George Routledge & Sons; and Fords, Howard & Hulbert, for permission to use extracts from their publications; also to Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward and Abby Morton Diaz for granting permission to use selections from their works.

THE AUTHORS.

CONTENTS.

		PAGE
ACTION	*James Russell Lowell*	149
ARCTIC NIGHT, THE	*Fridtjof Nansen*	245
AUTUMN ON THE RIVER	*Henry D. Thoreau*	107
AVALANCHE, AN	*William O. Stoddard*	287
BÉBÉE'S BIRTHDAY	*Louise de la Ramé*	123
BIRDS OF JUNE	*Wilson Flagg*	297
BLIND TRAVELER, THE	*Edward Bulwer Lytton*	191
BOY AND HIS BOOK, A	*George Borrow*	175
BOY ARTIST, THE	*Nathaniel Hawthorne*	63
BOY'S ESCAPE FROM THE INDIANS, A	*Theodore Roosevelt*	41
BROOK, THE	*Alfred Tennyson*	172
BY THAMES WATER	*Elbridge S. Brooks*	198
CHILD'S DREAM OF A STAR, A	*Charles Dickens*	146
CHILD-MUSICIAN, THE	*Austin Dobson*	77
CRAB OF THE CORAL ISLANDS, THE	*Charles Kingsley*	86
DAFFODILS	*William Wordsworth*	89
DANDELION	*Louisa May Alcott*	30
DEB	*Elizabeth Stuart Phelps*	233
DICKENS CHILDREN'S PARTY, A	*Anne Thackeray Ritchie*	275
DOG OF OLD ROME, A	*Pliny*	91
DUTCH FARMER IN AMERICA, A	*Washington Irving*	118
DUTY	*Ralph Waldo Emerson*	117
EAGLE AND THE CHILD, THE	*John Wilson*	280
ELEPHANT OF PARIS, THE	*Victor Hugo*	103
EVENING	*Matthew Arnold*	110
FAIRY, THE LARK, AND THE GRASSHOPPER, THE	*Jean Ingelow*	20
FISHING	"*George Eliot*"	61

		PAGE
FLOWER OF LIBERTY, THE	*Oliver Wendell Holmes*	278
FOX AND THE HORSE, THE	*Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm*	26
GARRET, THE	*Donald G. Mitchell*	221
GEORGE NIDIVER	*Elizabeth Hoar*	295
GOLD LOCKS AND SILVER LOCKS	*Celia Thaxter*	252
GREAT SCHOLAR, THE	*Jean Macé*	263
GULLIVER AND THE GIANT MONKEY	*Jonathan Swift*	78
HUNTING THE HIPPOPOTAMUS	*Paul Du Chaillu*	130
HURRICANE, A	*John James Audubon*	228
INDIAN DANCER, THE	*Henry W. Longfellow*	44
IN SCHOOL DAYS	*John G. Whittier*	196
JACK'S RESCUE	*Edward Eggleston*	81
JOHN RIDD'S RIDE	*R. D. Blackmore*	290
JON OF ICELAND	*Bayard Taylor*	212
JUNE	*James Russell Lowell*	303
KITTEN AND FALLING LEAVES, THE	*William Wordsworth*	154
LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS, THE	*Felicia Hemans*	268
LIFEBOAT, THE	*John B. Gough*	259
LILY'S WORD, A	*Lucy Larcom*	122
LITTLE BRIDGET'S BATH	*Frank R. Stockton*	14
LITTLE JERRY, THE MILLER	*John G. Saxe*	226
MAKING OF THE MUSIC, THE	*William Brighty Rands*	134
MARJORIE'S ALMANAC	*Thomas Bailey Aldrich*	101
NEW YEAR, A	*Helen Hunt Jackson*	95
NOBODY'S CHILD	*Phœbe Cary*	121
OCTOBER	*Helen Hunt Jackson*	39
PHAËTHON	*G. W. Cox*	188
PINE AND THE FLAX, THE	*Albrekt Segerstedt*	54
RAINY DAY, THE	*Henry W. Longfellow*	106
RETURN OF THE BIRDS, THE	*Ralph Waldo Emerson*	273
RILL FROM THE TOWN PUMP, A	*Nathaniel Hawthorne*	151
RISING OF THE WATERS, THE	*John Galt*	71
ROBERT OF LINCOLN	*William Cullen Bryant*	300

		PAGE
Robinson Crusoe	*Daniel Defoe*	180
Rose and Alice at the Farm	*Henry Ward Beecher*	165
Saved by a Swan	*Mayne Reid*	246
School in Ireland, A	*William M. Thackeray*	271
Scotch Collie, The	*J. G. Wood*	156
Scotch Flood, A	*Thomas D. Lauder*	168
Scottish Shepherd in Winter, The	*Walter Scott*	58
Seasons in Sweden, The	*Henry W. Longfellow*	92
Solitary Reaper, The	*William Wordsworth*	231
Solitary Islander, The	*William Cowper*	187
Song of Amiens, The	*William Shakespeare*	262
Song of Pippa, The	*Robert Browning*	90
Sorrows of the Birds, The	*Paul Du Chaillu*	35
Story of Elizabeth Zane, The	*John Esten Cooke*	96
Summer's Ending	*Alfred Tennyson*	26
Sunset	*Henry W. Longfellow*	150
Sunset in the Scottish Highlands	*Walter Scott*	163
Three Little Kingbirds, The	*Olive Thorne Miller*	205
To a Waterfowl	*William Cullen Bryant*	243
Travel	*Robert Louis Stevenson*	209
Twilight	*Henry W. Longfellow*	29
Two Boys of Paris	*Émile Souvestre*	47
Two Gifts, The	*Louisa May Alcott*	112
Uncle Joe's Story	*Abby Morton Diaz*	136
When the Sun Rises	*Albrekt Segerstedt*	11
Wishing	*William Allingham*	25
World, The	*William Brighty Rands*	255
Zaandam in Holland	*Edmondo de Amicis*	159

AUTHORS

Alcott, Louisa May
Aldrich, Thomas Bailey
Allingham, William
Amicis, Edmondo de
Arnold, Matthew
Audubon, John James
Beecher, Henry Ward
Blackmore, R. D.
Borrow, George
Browning, Robert
Brooks, Elbridge S.
Bryant, William Cullen
Cary, Phœbe
Cooke, John Esten
Cox, G. W.
Defoe, Daniel
Diaz, Abby Morton
Dickens, Charles
Dobson, Austin
Du Chaillu, Paul
Eggleston, Edward
'Eliot, George'
Emerson, Ralph Waldo
Flagg, Wilson
Galt, John
Gough, John B.
Grimm, Jacob and Wilhelm
Hawthorne, Nathaniel
Hemans, Felicia
Hoar, Elizabeth
Holmes, Oliver Wendell
Hugo, Victor
Ingelow, Jean
Irving, Washington
Jackson, Helen Hunt
Kingsley, Charles
Larcom, Lucy
Lauder, Thomas D.
Longfellow, Henry W.
Lowell, James Russell
Lytton, Edward Bulwer
Macé, Jean
Miller, Olive Thorne
Mitchell, Donald G.
Nansen, Fridtjof
Phelps, Elizabeth Stuart
Pliny
Ramé, Louise de la
Rands, William Brighty
Reid, Mayne
Ritchie, Anne Thackeray
Roosevelt, Theodore
Saxe, John G.
Scott, Walter
Segerstedt, Albrekt
Shakespeare, William
Souvestre, Émile
Stevenson, Robert Louis
Stockton, Frank R.
Stoddard, William O.
Swift, Jonathan
Taylor, Bayard
Tennyson, Alfred
Thackeray, William M.
Thaxter, Celia
Thoreau, Henry D.
Whittier, John G.
Wilson, John
Wood, J. G.
Wordsworth, William

ROSA BONHEUR. *Dubufe.*

WHEN THE SUN RISES.

continually	disturbance
immediately	discover
fragrance	haughtily
exulting	assistance

It was evening; yes, dark night, in the forest. The sun had long since gone down; every one had gone to his dwelling; the animals had sought their resting places in the underbrush, and the birds had crept into their nests.

Only the owls, the bats, and the moles remained out. Down by the edge of the marsh — where glow-worms, jack-o'-lanterns, and fireflies spread a dim light about — the lovers of the night were gathered.

"I wonder how it would be if we did not exist!" said the glowworm.

"The sun might as well hide himself forever," the jack-o'-lantern thought. "We give much better light. No one gets a pain in the eyes looking at us."

"I agree with you," answered the owl, "the sun shines altogether too strong; I cannot bear him. And then, there is such a disturbance in the woods when he rises! Bullfinches, sparrows, larks — and whatever they all are — then begin to bawl with all their might. No; he may just as well stay away."

"Neither can I discover of what use that sun is,"

Corot.

MORNING BY THE LAKESIDE.

said the firefly. "For that reason, neither I nor any of my family will honor him with our presence; so we leave the instant he appears."

"One could certainly do very well without the sun," said the mole. "Suppose we should frighten him away when he tries to peep over the tree tops in the forest."

"I will do what I can towards it," said the owl; "I will screech as loud as I am able."

"And we three," said the firefly, flitting between the jack-o'-lantern and the glowworm, "we will shine in a way that he has never seen equaled. Then we shall see, fast enough, if he dares mount up as haughtily as usual."

"My assistance shall not be wanting," said the mole, "especially as I originated the idea. I will throw up such a sand hill that he will never be able to shine over it." And then he began to scratch and dig with all his might, with his front paws.

"We will spread out our wings," said the bat, "so he cannot send a ray down to the earth."

And the bats spread out their wings, the moles dug, the fireflies and the glowworms shone with all their might. High up on a great rock sat the owl and rapped with his crooked bill.

"There will, indeed, be a new order of things here," said he. "Sing now, you gaping birds! Leap, you hares and roes! I wish you joy, you

flowers! I think your rejoicing will be more moderate now."

The sky began to redden in the east, and the color grew stronger and brighter every minute. The three lights strained with all their might; the mole dug; the bat spread out his wings, and the owl screeched continually.

But the sun mounted up and poured a film of gleaming gold over land and water. The small lights at the marsh's edge went out immediately, the mole crept into his hole, the bat and the owl hid themselves in the thickest brush.

But the waves of fresh morning air, the flowers' fragrance, and the birds' exulting voices announced to all the world that the sun had risen!

ALBREKT SEGERSTEDT.

LITTLE BRIDGET'S BATH.

despise	smeared	shiver
medicine	consultation	towel
assured	bucket	trial
raspberries	shrink	rambled

Little Bridget was a good girl and a pretty one, but she had ideas of her own. She liked to study her lessons, to mind her mother, and to behave her-

self as a little girl should, but she did despise to be washed.

There was something about the very smell of soap and the touch of water which made her shrink and shiver, and she would rather have seen the doctor come to her with a teaspoonful of medicine than to have her Aunt Ann approach with a bowlful of water, a towel, and a great piece of soap.

For a long time little Bridget believed that there was no escape from this terrible daily trial; but one bright morning, when she awoke very early, long before any one else in the house, she thought that it was too bad, when everything else was so happy, — when the birds and butterflies were flying about so gayly in the early sunbeams, and the flowers were all so gay and bright, and smelling so sweet and contented, — that she should have to lie there on her little bed until her Aunt Ann came with that horrible soap and towel! She made up her mind! She wouldn't stand it; she would run away. For one morning she would be happy.

So up she jumped, and without stopping to dress herself, ran out among the birds and flowers.

She rambled along by the brook, where the sand felt so nice and soft to her bare feet; she wandered through the woods, where she found blackberries and wild strawberries and beautiful ferns.

And she wandered on and on, among the rocks and

the trees, and over the grass and the flowers, until she sat down by a great tree to rest. Then, without intending anything of the kind, she went fast asleep.

She had not slept more than five minutes, before along came a troop of fairies, and you may be assured that they were astonished enough to see a little girl lying fast asleep on the grass, at that time in the morning.

"Well, I never!" said the largest fairy, who was the Principal One.

"Nor I," said the Next Biggest; "it's little Bridget, and with such a dirty face! Just look! She has been eating blackberries and strawberries — and raspberries, too, for all I know; for you remember, brother, that a face dirtied with raspberries is very much like one dirtied with strawberries."

"Very like, indeed, brother," said the Principal One, "and look at her feet! She's been walking in the wet sand!"

"And her hands!" cried the Very Least, "what hands! They're all smeared over with mixtures of things."

"Well," said the Next Biggest, "she is certainly a dirty little girl, but what is to be done?"

"Done?" said the Principal One. "There is only one thing to be done, and that is to wash her. There can be no doubt about that."

All the fairies agreed that nothing could be more

sensible than to wash little Bridget, and so they gathered around her, and, with all gentleness, some of them lifted her up and carried her down toward the brook, while the others danced about her, and jumped over her, and hung on to long fern leaves, and scrambled among the bushes, and were as merry as a boxful of crickets.

When they approached the brook, one of the fairies jumped in to see if the water was warm enough, and the Principal One and the Next Biggest held a consultation as to how little Bridget should be washed.

"Shall we just souse her in?" said the Next Biggest.

"I hardly think so," said the Principal One. "She may not be used to that sort of thing, and she might take cold. It will be best just to lay her down on the bank and wash her there."

So little Bridget, who had never opened her eyes all this time, was brought to the brook and laid softly down by the water's edge.

Then all the fairies set to work in good earnest. Some dipped clover blossoms in the water, and washed and rubbed her mouth and cheeks until there was not a sign left of strawberry or blackberry stain; others gathered fern leaves and soft grass, and washed her little feet till they were as white as lambs' wool.

The Very Least, who had been the one to carry her

hand, now washed it with ever so many morning-glory-blossomfuls of water and rubbed it dry with soft, clean moss.

Other fairies curled her hair around flower stalks, while some scattered sweet-smelling blossoms about her, until there never was such a sweet, clean, and fragrant little girl in the whole world.

And all this time she never opened her eyes. But no wonder; for if you are ever washed by fairies while you are asleep, you will find that you will never know it.

When all was done, and not a speck of dirt was to be seen anywhere on little Bridget, the fairies took her gently up and carried her to her mother's house, — for they knew very well where she lived.

There they laid her down on the doorstep, where it was both warm and shady, and they all scampered away as fast as their funny little legs could carry them.

It was now about the right time in the morning to get up, and very soon the front door opened and out came Aunt Ann, with a bucket on her arm, which she was going to fill at the well, for the purpose of giving little Bridget her morning wash.

When Aunt Ann saw the little girl lying on the doorstep, she was so astonished that she came near dropping the bucket.

"Well, I never!" said she, "if it isn't little Bridget, and just as clean as a new pin! I do declare! I believe the sweet innocent has jumped out of bed early, and gone and washed and combed herself, just to save me the trouble!"

Aunt Ann's voice was nothing like so soft and gentle as a fairy's, and it woke up little Bridget.

"You lovely dear!" cried her aunt, "I hadn't the least idea in the world that you were such a smart little thing.

"There is no doubt but you are now old enough to wash and dress yourself, and after this you may do it!"

So, after that, Bridget washed and dressed herself, and was just as happy as the birds, the butterflies, and the flowers.

FRANK R. STOCKTON.

THE FAIRY, THE LARK, AND THE GRASSHOPPER

hasty	snapdragon	inquired
spurs	contend	shocked
nestling	rumpled	examined
lamented	trodden	sympathize

The Fairy flew about from field to field, and, I am sorry to say, seldom went anywhere without saying something unkind or ill-natured; for she was very hasty, and had a sad habit of judging her neighbors.

She had been several days wandering about in search of adventures, when one afternoon she came back to the old oak tree, because she wanted a new pair of shoes, and there were none to be had so pretty as those made of the yellow snapdragon flower in the hedge hard by.

While she was fitting on her shoes, she saw the Lark's friend.

"How do you do, Grasshopper?" asked the Fairy.

"Thank you, I am very well and very happy," said the Grasshopper; "people are always so kind to me."

"Indeed," replied the Fairy, "I wish that they were always kind to me. How is that quarrelsome Lark, who found such a pretty brown mate the other day?"

"He is not a quarrelsome bird, indeed," replied the

Grasshopper. "I wish that you would not say that he is."

"Oh, well, we need not quarrel about that," said the Fairy, laughing; "I have seen the world, Grasshopper, and I know a few things, — depend upon it. Your friend the Lark does not wear those long spurs for nothing."

The Grasshopper did not choose to contend with the Fairy, who all this time was busily fitting yellow slippers to her tiny feet. When, however, she had found a pair to her mind —

"Suppose you come and see the eggs that our pretty friend the Lark has got in her nest," said the Grasshopper. "Three pink eggs spotted with brown. I am sure she will show them with pleasure."

Off they set together; but what was their surprise to find the poor little brown Lark sitting with rumpled feathers, drooping head, and trembling limbs.

"Ah, my pretty eggs!" said the Lark, as soon as she could speak, "I am so miserable about them — they must be trodden on, they will certainly be found."

"What is the matter?" asked the Grasshopper; "perhaps we can help you."

"Dear Grasshopper," said the Lark, "I have just heard the farmer and his son talking on the other side of the hedge, and the farmer said that to-morrow he should begin to cut this meadow."

"That is a great pity," said the Grasshopper. "What a sad thing it was that you laid your eggs on the ground!"

"Larks always do," said the poor little brown bird, "and I do not know how to make a fine nest such as those in the hedges. Oh, my pretty eggs! — my heart aches for them! I shall never hear my little nestlings chirp."

So the poor Lark moaned and lamented, and neither the Grasshopper nor the Fairy could do anything to help her.

At last her mate dropped down from the white cloud where he had been singing, and when he saw her drooping, and the Grasshopper and the Fairy sitting silently before her, he inquired in a great fright what the matter was.

She told him, and at first he was very much shocked; but presently he lifted first one and then the other of his feet, and examined his long spurs.

"He does not sympathize much with his poor mate," whispered the Fairy. But the Grasshopper took no note of the speech.

Still the Lark looked at his spurs, and seemed to be in very deep thought.

"If I had only laid my eggs on the other side of the hedge," sighed the poor mother, "among the grain, there would have been plenty of time to rear my birds before harvest time."

"My dear," answered her mate, "don't be unhappy." And so saying, he hopped up to the eggs, and laying one foot on the prettiest, he clasped it with his long spurs. Strange to say, it exactly fitted them.

"Oh, my clever mate!" cried the poor little mother, reviving; "do you think you can carry them away for me?"

"To be sure I can," replied the Lark, beginning slowly and carefully to hop on, with the egg in his right foot. "Nothing more easy! I have often thought it was likely that our eggs would be disturbed in this meadow, but it never occurred to me till this moment that I could provide against the misfortune. I have often wondered what my spurs could be for; and now I see."

So saying, he hopped gently on, till he came to the hedge, and then he got through it, holding the egg, till he found a nice little hollow place in among the grain, and there he laid it, and came back for the others.

"Hurrah!" cried the Grasshopper, "Larkspur forever!"

The Fairy said nothing, but she felt heartily ashamed of herself. She sat looking on till the happy Lark had carried all the eggs to a safe place, and had called his mate to come and sit on them. Then he sprang up into the sky again, exulting because he knew what his long spurs were for.

But the Fairy stole gently away, saying to herself: "Well, I could not have believed it. I thought he must be a quarrelsome bird, as his spurs were so long."

[Abridgment.] JEAN INGELOW.

WISHING.

Ring-ting! I wish I were a Primrose,
A bright yellow Primrose blowing in the Spring!
The stooping boughs above me,
The wandering bee to love me,
The fern and moss to creep across,
And the Elm tree for our king!

Nay — stay! I wish I were an Elm tree,
A great lofty Elm tree, with green leaves gay!
The winds would set them dancing,
The sun and moonshine glance in,
The birds would house among the boughs,
And sweetly sing.

Oh — no! I wish I were a Robin,
A Robin or a little Wren, everywhere to go;
Through forest, field, or garden,
And ask no leave or pardon,
Till Winter comes with icy thumbs
To ruffle up our wing!

Well — tell! Where should I fly to,
Where go to sleep in the dark wood or dell?
Before a day was over,
Home comes the rover,
For Mother's kiss, — sweeter this
Than any other thing.

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

SUMMER'S ENDING.

Over! the sweet summer closes,
The reign of the roses is done;
Over and gone with the roses,
And over and gone with the sun.

Over! the sweet summer closes,
And never a flower at the close;
Over and gone with the roses,
And winter again and the snows.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

THE FOX AND THE HORSE.

stable	protection	fastened
honor	comfortable	shoulder
helpful	securely	peasant
leisure	twisted	desired

A peasant had a faithful horse which had grown old and could not do any more work. So his master would not give him anything more to eat.

The master said to the horse: —

"I cannot make use of you any longer, but yet I mean well by you; if you prove yourself still strong enough to bring me a lion here, I will keep you. But now take yourself away out of my stable."

And with that the man chased the horse into the country.

The horse was sorry, and went to the forest to find protection.

When he had reached the forest a fox met him and said, "What makes you hang your head so, and go about all alone?"

"Alas," replied the horse, "meanness and honor do not live together in one house. My master has forgotten the kind and helpful things that I have done for him these many years; and because I cannot plow well for him now, he will not give me any more food. He has driven me away."

"Without giving you a chance to work?" said the fox.

"The chance is a sad one. He said if I were yet strong enough to bring him a lion, he would keep me; but he knows very well that I cannot do that."

Then the fox said: "I will help you. Just lie down here, stretch yourself out as if you were dead, and do not stir."

The horse did as the fox desired him to do. Then the fox went to a lion that had his den not far off, and said, "A dead horse is lying outside; just come with me and you can have a good meal."

The lion went with the fox; and when they were standing by the horse, the fox said, "After all, it is not very comfortable for you here; I will tell you

what we can do; I will fasten the horse to you by the tail, and then you can drag him into your cave and eat him in peace at your leisure."

This advice pleased the lion; he lay down, and, in order that the fox might tie the horse securely to him, he kept very quiet. But the fox tied the lion's legs together with the horse's tail, and twisted and fastened all so strongly that no strength could break it.

When the fox had finished this work, he tapped the horse hard on the shoulder, and said, "Pull, white horse, pull!"

Then up sprang the horse at once, and drew the lion away with him.

The lion began to roar so loudly all the birds in the forest flew away in fright. But the horse let him roar; and he drew and dragged him over the country to his master's door. When the master saw the lion, he thought better about the horse, and said to him, "You shall stay with me and have good food." And he gave the horse plenty as long as he lived.

JACOB AND WILHELM GRIMM.

Don't waste your life in doubts and fears: spend yourself on the work before you, well assured that the right performance of this hour's duties will be the best preparation for the hours or ages that follow it.

R. W. EMERSON.

TWILIGHT.

The twilight is sad and cloudy,
The wind blows wild and free,
And like the wings of sea birds
Flash the white caps of the sea.

But in the fisherman's cottage
There shines a ruddier light,
And a little face at the window
Peers out into the night.

Close, close it is pressed to the window,
As if those childish eyes
Were looking into the darkness,
To see some form arise.

And a woman's waving shadow
Is passing to and fro,
Now rising to the ceiling,
Now bowing and bending low.

What tale do the roaring ocean,
And the night-wind, bleak and wild,
As they beat at the crazy casement,
Tell to that little child?

And why do the roaring ocean,
And the night-wind, wild and bleak,
As they beat at the heart of the mother,
Drive the color from her cheek?

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

DANDELION.

industrious	endurable	receding
blithely	dismantled	intended
perished	favorite	conclusion
cheerfulness	launched	prospered

Down by the sea lived Ben, the fisherman, with his wife, and little son, who was called Dandelion, because he wore yellow pinafores, and had curly, yellow hair that covered his head with a golden fuzz.

A very happy family, for Ben was kind and industrious, Hetty, his wife, a cheerful, busy creature, and Dandelion the jolliest three-year-old baby who ever made sand pies and paddled on the beach.

But one day a great trouble came to them. Ben and his fellow-fishermen sailed blithely away as usual, and Hetty watched the fleet of white-winged boats out of the bay, thinking how pretty they looked with the sunshine on them; while Dandelion stood clapping his chubby hands, and saying, as he always did, "Daddy tummin' soon."

But Daddy did not come soon that time; for a great storm arose, and when some of the boats came scudding home at nightfall, Ben's was not among them. All night the gale raged, and in the morning Ben's boat lay empty and broken on the shore.

His mates shook their heads when they saw the wreck, and drew their rough hands over their eyes; for Ben was a good seaman, and they knew he would never desert his boat alive. They looked for him far and wide, but could hear nothing of him, and felt sure that he had perished in the storm.

They tried to comfort poor Hetty, but she would not be comforted. Her heart seemed broken; and if it had not been for her baby, her neighbors feared that she would have gone to join Ben in his grave under the sea.

Dandelion didn't understand why every one was so sad, and why his father stayed away so long; but he never lost his cheerfulness, never gave up hoping, or stopped saying, "Daddy tummin' soon."

The sunshiny little face was Hetty's only comfort. The sight of the fuzzy, yellow head, bobbing around the house, alone made it endurable; and the touch of the loving baby hands kept her from the despair which made her long to end her sorrow in the sea.

But Dandelion didn't get tired. He firmly believed what he said, and nothing could change his mind. He had been much troubled at seeing the boat laid up on the beach, all broken and dismantled; but his little mind couldn't take in the idea of shipwreck and death. So, after thinking it over, he decided that Daddy was waiting somewhere for a new boat to be sent to bring him home.

This idea was so strong that the child gathered together his store of toy boats — for he had many, as they were his favorite playthings — and launched them, one after another, telling them to find his father, and bring him home.

As Dandelion was not allowed to play on the beach except at low tide, the little boats sailed away on the receding waves, and the child was sure that some of them would get safely into the distant port where Daddy was waiting.

All the boats were launched at last, all sailed bravely away; but none came back, and little Dandy was much disappointed. He babbled about it to himself; told the snails and the lobsters of his trouble; begged the gulls to fly away and find Daddy; and every windy night, when the sea dashed on the shore and the shutters rattled, he would want the lamp put in the window, as it used to be when they expected Ben and tried to make home look cheerful, even before he got there. . . .

Six long months went by, and no one ever thought of seeing Ben again, — no one but his little son, who still watched for him, and his wife, who waited to meet him hereafter.

One bright spring day something happened. The house was as tidy as ever; the spinning wheel hummed briskly, as Hetty sung softly to herself with a cheerful face; though there were white hairs among the

brown, and her eyes had a thoughtful, absent look at times.

Dandelion, more chubby and cheery than ever, sat at her feet, with the sunshine making a golden glory of his yellow hair, as he tried his new boat in the tub of water his mother kept for the little sailor, or tugged away with his fat fingers at a big needle, which he was trying to pull through a bit of cloth intended for a sail.

The faithful little soul had not forgotten his father, but had come to the conclusion that the reason his boats never prospered was because they hadn't large enough sails; so he was intent on rigging a new boat lately given him, with a sail that could not fail to waft Ben safely home.

With his mouth puckered up, his downy eyebrows knit, and both hands pulling at the big needle, he did not mind the stopping of the wheel when Hetty fell into a reverie, thinking of the happy time when she and Ben should meet again. Sitting so, neither heard a step come softly over the sand; neither saw an eager, brown face peer in at the door; and neither knew, for a minute, that Ben was watching them, with a love and longing in his heart that made him tremble like a woman.

Dandelion saw him first; for, as he pulled the thread through with a triumphant jerk, the small sailmaker lost his balance, tumbled over, and lay

staring up at the tall man with blue eyes so wide open they looked as if they would never shut again. All of a sudden, he shouted, with a joyful shout, "Daddy's tummin'!" and, the next instant, vanished, ship and all, in the arms of the man who wore the rough jacket.

Over went the spinning wheel, as Hetty vanished

likewise; and for a time there was nothing but sobbing and kissing, clinging, and thanking Heaven for its kindness to them. When they grew quieter, and Ben got into his old chair, with his wife on one knee and his boy on the other, he told them how he was wrecked in the gale, picked up by an outward-bound ship, and only able to get back after months of sickness and delay.

"My boaty fetched him," said Dandelion, feeling that everything had turned out just as he expected.

"So it did, my precious. Your faith helped, I haven't a doubt," cried Hetty, hugging the curly-headed prophet close, as she told Ben all that had happened.

Ben didn't say much, but a few great tears rolled down his rough, blue jacket, as he looked from the queer sail, with its two big stitches, to the little son whose love, he firmly believed, had kept him safe through many dangers, and brought him home at last.

LOUISA MAY ALCOTT.

[Abridgment.]

THE SORROWS OF THE BIRDS.

melodies	withered	ruthless
anguish	accustomed	enliven
anxious	heartless	detect
forlorn	unfortunate	threatened

I love birds. They cheer us in our lonely hours, when from their bowers their songs come upon our ears and gladden our hearts.

Their melodies have often told me how happy they were, and how much one bird loved another. They are the poets of nature. Oh, little birds, I

have often wondered how many sorrows you have! Pain I know you have.

The shrill cries and plaintive notes I have often heard from you, have told me that your little breasts felt the pangs of anguish. The hurried flights which I have often watched, have said how anxious you were.

In our northern climes, when the leaves have withered, when the cold winds blow, when the snow covers the earth, I know that you suffer from hunger, and I feel sorry for you. When you come by the window you seem to say — "Do feed me, for I am so hungry and so cold!"

I have crossed the seas, and hundreds of miles away from land, I have seen you in your forlorn flight, looking in vain for the way that might lead to a land where your poor little bodies and tired wings and tiny feet could find rest.

The storm and the winds had carried you away from the land where you were accustomed to rejoice and sing, and taken you above the ocean on which you looked with such dread, and which is always ready to engulf you. You were so tired that you had not even the strength to utter your cries.

How then I pitied you, for I thought of the days and the sleepless nights you had spent over the vast sea! How weary those little wings of yours were! How painful must have been each effort you made to support yourselves in the air! How sad must have

been your thoughts, for you could see nothing to guide you to that place you longed to reach!

When the eagle, the hawk, and the falcon soar high in the sky, I know that they are your enemies. When the snake glides from branch to branch in search of your nest, to destroy your offspring, I know that pain will reach your heart. When you and your mate are flying above the earth, perchance a heartless sportsman appears, with his gun to bring you down.

How have I seen you follow the unfortunate one in its downward flight! How painful to hear were your cries! How you tried to arrest the poor wounded one, and how touching the scene as you soared and soared above the body of the little victim who had fallen to the ground!

So plaintive were your cries that they ought to have disarmed the ruthless hand that separated you, so that he would say to himself — "I will nevermore kill a harmless little bird, for God has given them to us to cheer, to enliven the nature that surrounds us."

When night comes, and your mate does not return, how anxious and sad you seem to feel! Perhaps a cat or some wild animal has destroyed the life of your mate. How often I have heard you call for the missing one, and could detect despair in the tone of your voice!

When the young fall from the nest I have watched your anxiety, and when danger has threatened them I have seen you brace up your courage; and how angry then did you look, with your little feathers all standing out as if you were ready for a fight!

When the storms had tumbled down the nest you had built with so much trouble, how distressed you seemed, and how industrious you were to build another!

So, little birdies, I found that, like man, you have your joys, your cares, your troubles, and your sorrows. The stormy billows of life are also for you. I love you the more for this. I wish I were a poet, so that my lyre could sing songs to you, and I might tell you a softer tale than that which the nightingale tells to us.

PAUL DU CHAILLU.

[Abridgment.]

'Tis heart-broken music,—
That sweet, faltering strain,—
Like a mingled memory,
Half ecstasy, half pain.

Surely thus to sing, robin,
Thou must have in sight
Beautiful skies behind the shower,
And dawn beyond the night.

EDWARD ROWLAND SILL.

OCTOBER.

Zuber.

O suns and skies and clouds of June,
And flowers of June together,
Ye cannot rival for one hour
October's bright blue weather.

When loud the humblebee makes haste,
Belated, thriftless vagrant,
And Golden-Rod is dying fast,
And lanes with grapes are fragrant;

When Gentians roll their fringes tight
To save them for the morning,
And chestnuts fall from satin burs
Without a sound of warning;

When on the ground red apples lie
In piles like jewels shining,
And redder still on old stone walls
Are leaves of woodbine twining;

When all the lovely wayside things
Their white-winged seeds are sowing,
And in the fields, still green and fair,
Late aftermaths are growing;

When springs run low, and on the brooks,
In idle golden freighting,
Bright leaves sink noiseless in the hush
Of woods for winter waiting;

When comrades seek sweet country haunts,
By twos and threes together,
And count like misers hour by hour,
October's bright blue weather.

O suns and skies and flowers of June,
Count all your boasts together,
Love loveth best of all the year
October's bright blue weather.

HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

Wide flush the fields; the softening air is balm;
Echo the mountains round; the forest smiles;
And every sense and every heart is joy.

JAMES THOMSON.

A BOY'S ESCAPE FROM THE INDIANS.

(1784.)

powerful	defiance	finally
illiterate	surrendered	thicket
fortified	accompanied	ambush
vigorous	abandoned	liberty

It was near Wheeling. A lad named John Wetzel, one of a noted border family of coarse, powerful, illiterate Indian fighters, had gone out from the fortified village in which his kinsfolk were living, to hunt horses. Another boy went with him.

There were several stray horses, one being a mare which belonged to Wetzel's sister, with a colt, and the girl had promised him the colt if he would bring the mare back.

The two boys were vigorous young fellows, accustomed to life in the forest; and they hunted high and low, and finally heard the sound of horse bells in a thicket.

Running joyfully forward they fell into the hands of four Indians, who had caught the horses and tied them in the thicket, so that by the tinkling of their bells they might lure into the ambush any man who came out to hunt them up.

Young Wetzel made a dash for liberty, but received a shot which broke his arm, and then surren-

dered and cheerfully accompanied his captors; while his companion, totally unnerved, hung back crying, and was promptly tomahawked.

Early next morning the party struck the Ohio, at a point where there was a clearing. The cabins on this clearing were deserted, the settlers having taken refuge in a fort because of the Indian ravages; but the stock had been left running in the woods.

One of the Indians shot a hog and tossed it into a canoe they had hidden under the bank. The captive was told to enter the canoe and lie down; three Indians then got in, while the fourth started to swim across the river.

Fortunately for the captured boy, three of the settlers had chosen this day to return to the abandoned clearing and look after the loose stock. They reached the place shortly after the Indians, and just in time to hear the report of the rifle when the hog was shot.

The owner of the hogs, instead of suspecting that there were Indians near by, jumped to the conclusion that a Kentucky boat had landed, and that the immigrants were shooting his hogs — for the people who drifted down the Ohio in boats were not, when hungry, overscrupulous concerning the right to stray live stock.

Running forward, the three men had almost reached the river, when they heard the loud snort-

ing of one of the horses as it was forced into the water. As they came out on the bank they saw the canoe, with three Indians in it, and in the bottom four rifles, the dead hog, and young Wetzel stretched at full fength; the Indian in the stern was just pushing off from the shore with his paddle; the fourth Indian was swimming the horses a few yards from shore.

Immediately the foremost white man threw up his rifle and shot the paddler dead; and, a second later, one of his companions coming up, killed in like fashion the Indian in the bow of the canoe.

The third Indian, stunned by the sudden onslaught, sat as if numb, never so much as lifting one of the rifles that lay at his feet, and in a minute he, too, was shot and fell over the side of the canoe, but grasped the gunwale with one hand, keeping himself afloat.

Young Wetzel, in the bottom of the canoe, would have shared the same fate, had he not cried out that he was white and a prisoner; whereupon they bade him knock loose the Indian's hand from the side of the canoe. This he did, and the Indian sank. The current carried the canoe on a rocky spit of land, and Wetzel jumped out and waded ashore, while the little craft spun off and again drifted toward midstream.

One of the men on shore now fired at the only remaining Indian, who was still swimming his horse for the opposite bank. The bullet splashed the water

on his naked skin, whereat he slipped off his horse, swam to the empty canoe, and got into it.

Unhurt he reached the farther shore, where he leaped out and caught the horse as it swam to land, mounted it, rifle in hand, turned to yell defiance at his foes, and then vanished in the forest-shrouded wilderness.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

THE INDIAN DANCER.

Barred with streaks of red and yellow,
Streaks of blue and bright vermilion,
Shone the face of Pau-Puk-Keewis.
From his forehead fell his tresses,
Smooth, and parted like a woman's,
Shining bright with oil, and plaited,
Hung with braids of scented grasses,
As among the guests assembled,
To the sound of flutes and singing,
To the sound of drums and voices,
Rose the handsome Pau-Puk-Keewis,
And began his mystic dances.

First he danced a solemn measure,
Very slow in step and gesture,
In and out among the pine trees,
Through the shadows and the sunshine,
Treading softly like a panther.

Then more swiftly and still swifter,
Whirling, spinning round in circles,
Leaping o'er the guests assembled,
Eddying round and round the wigwam,
Till the leaves went whirling with him,
Till the dust and leaves together
Swept in eddies round about him.

Then along the sandy margin
Of the lake, the Big-Sea-Water,
On he sped with frenzied gestures,
Stamped upon the sand, and tossed it
Wildly in the air around him;
Till the wind became a whirlwind,
Till the sand was blown and sifted
Like great snowdrifts o'er the landscape,
Heaping all the shores with Sand Dunes,
Sand Hills of the Nagow Wudjoo!

Thus the merry Pau-Puk-Keewis
Danced his Beggar's Dance to please them,
And, returning, sat down laughing
There among the guests assembled,
Sat and fanned himself serenely
With his fan of turkey-feathers.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

THE SEINE.

TWO BOYS OF PARIS.

surrounded	boulevard
collected	postern
parapet	dispersed
interrupted	familiar
suggestion	perseverance
confusion	innocence

Part I.

I was walking one evening by the side of the river Seine, to which the lights on the quays and the bridges gave the aspect of a lake surrounded by a garland of stars.

I had reached the Louvre, when I was stopped by a crowd collected near the parapet; they had gathered round a child of about six, who was crying. And I asked the cause of his tears.

"It seems that he was sent to walk," said a mason, who was returning from his work, with his trowel in his hand; "the servant who took care of him met with some friends, and told the child to wait for him while he went to get a drink. But I suppose the drink made him more thirsty, for he has not come back, and the child cannot find his way home."

"Why do you not ask his name, and where he lives?"

"They have been doing it for the last hour; but all he can say is that he is called Charles, and that

his father is Mr. Duval. There are twelve hundred Duvals in Paris."

"Then he does not know in what part of the town he lives?"

"I should think not, indeed! Don't you see that he is a gentleman's child? He has never gone out except in a carriage or with a servant. He does not know what to do by himself."

Here the mason was interrupted by some of the voices rising above the others.

"We cannot leave him in the street," said some.

"The child-stealers would carry him off," continued others.

"We must take him to the overseer."

"Or to the police office."

"That's the thing. Come, little one!"

But the child, frightened by these suggestions of danger, and at the names of police and overseer, cried louder, and drew back toward the parapet. In vain they tried to persuade him; his fears made him resist the more. The most eager began to get weary, when the voice of a little boy was heard through the confusion.

"I know him well — I do," said he, looking at the lost child, "he belongs in our part of the town."

"What part is it?"

"Yonder, on the other side of the Boulevards — Magazine Street."

"And you have seen him before?"

"Yes, yes! he belongs to the great house at the end of the street, where there is an iron gate with gilt points."

The child quickly raised his head and stopped crying. The little boy answered all the questions that were put to him, and gave such details as left no room for doubt. The other child understood him, for he went up to him as if to put himself under his protection.

"Then you can take him to his parents?" asked the mason, who had listened with real interest.

"I don't care if I do," replied he; "it's the way I'm going."

"Then you will take charge of him?"

"He has only to come with me."

And, taking up the basket he had put down on the pavement, he set off toward the postern gate of the Louvre. The lost child followed him.

"I hope he will take him all right," said I, when I saw them go away.

"Never fear," replied the mason; "the little one in the blouse is the same age as the other; but, as the saying is, he 'knows black from white'; poverty, you see, is a famous schoolmistress!"

The crowd dispersed. For my part, I went toward the Louvre. The thought came into my head to follow the two children, so as to guard against any mistake.

Two Boys of Paris, II.

I was not long in overtaking them. They were walking side by side, talking and already quite familiar with one another.

The contrast in their dress struck me. Little Duval wore one of those fanciful dresses which are expensive as well as in good taste; his coat was skillfully fitted to his figure, his trousers came down in plaits from his waist to his polished boots, and his ringlets were half hid by a velvet cap.

The appearance of his guide, on the contrary, was that of the class who dwell on the extreme borders of poverty. His old blouse, patched with pieces of different shades, indicated the perseverance of an industrious mother struggling against the wear and tear of time. His trousers were become too short, and showed his stockings darned over and over again.

The countenances of the two children were not less different than their dresses. That of the first was delicate and refined; his clear blue eye, his fair skin, and his smiling mouth, gave him a charming look of innocence and happiness.

The features of the other, on the contrary, had something rough in them; his eye was quick and lively, his complexion dark, his smile less merry than shrewd. All showed a mind sharpened by too early experience. He boldly walked through the middle

of the streets thronged by carriages, and followed their countless turnings without hesitation.

I found, on asking him, that every day he carried dinner to his father, who was then working on the left bank of the Seine; and this responsible duty made him careful and prudent. Unfortunately, the wants of his poor family had kept him from school, and he seemed to feel the loss; for he often stopped before the print-shops and asked his companion to read to him the names of the engravings.

In this way we reached a certain boulevard which the little wanderer seemed to know again. Notwithstanding his fatigue he hurried on; he was agitated by mixed feelings; at the sight of his house he uttered a cry, and ran toward the iron gate with the gilt points.

A lady who was standing at the entrance received him in her arms; and from the exclamations of joy, and the sound of kisses, I soon perceived she was his mother.

Not having seen either the servant or the child return, she had sent in search for them in every direction, and was waiting for them in intense anxiety.

I explained to her in a few words what had happened. She thanked me warmly, and looked round for the little boy who had recognized and brought back her son; but while we were talking he had disappeared.

Two Boys of Paris, III.

After these events two years had passed, and it was now the first time since then that I had come into this part of Paris. Did the mother continue grateful? Had the two children met again, and had the happy chance of their first meeting lowered between them that barrier which may mark the different ranks of men, but should not divide them.

While putting these questions to myself, I slackened my pace, and fixed my eyes on the great gate, which I just perceived. All at once I saw it open, and two children appeared at the entrance. Although much grown, I recognized them at first sight; they were — the child who was found near the parapet of the Louvre, and his young guide. But the dress of the latter was greatly changed. His blouse of gray cloth was neat, and even spruce, and was fastened round the waist by a polished leather belt. He wore strong shoes, and had on a new cloth cap.

Just at the moment I saw him he held in his hand an enormous bunch of lilacs, to which his companion was trying to add narcissuses and primroses. The two children laughed, and parted with a friendly good-by. The Duval boy did not go till he had seen the other as he turned the corner of the street.

Then I spoke to the latter, and reminded him of

our former meeting. He looked at me for a moment and then seemed to recollect me.

"Pardon me if I do not make you a bow," said he, merrily, "but I want both my hands for the nosegay Charles has given me."

"You are, then, become great friends?" said I.

"Oh! I should think so," said the child. "And now my father is rich, too!"

"How's that?"

"Mr. Duval lent him a little money; he has taken a shop, where he works on his own account; and as for me, I go to school."

"Yes," replied I, remarking for the first time the cross which decorated his little coat; "and I see that you are a head boy!"

"Charles helps me to learn, and so I am come to be the first in the class."

"Are you now going to your lessons?"

"Yes, and he has given me some lilacs; for he has a garden where we play together, and where my mother can always have flowers."

"Then it is the same as if it were partly your own."

"So it is! Ah! they are good neighbors indeed! But here I am; good-by, sir."

He nodded to me with a smile, and disappeared.

EMILE SOUVESTRE

THE PINE AND THE FLAX.

helmet	thistle	burdock
folly	juniper	erected
yonder	honorable	unknown
comrades	united	feathery

Just where the forest ended, grew a pine tree taller and more beautiful than all the others in the forest, and far away could be seen its feathery round crown, whose soft branches waved so gracefully when the wind blew across the plain.

At the foot of the pine tree the fields of grain began.

Here the farmer sowed seed of many kinds, but the flax was sowed nearest the pine. It came up beautiful and even, and the pine thought a great deal of the slender green thing.

And the flax stalk raised itself higher and higher, and, near the close of summer, it bore a little blue helmet on its head.

"Thou art so beautiful!" said the tall pine.

The flax bowed itself low toward the ground, but raised itself again so gracefully that it looked all like a billowy little sea, with rising and falling waves.

The flax and the pine often talked to each other, and became such great friends that they promised to keep each other company always.

"What kind of folly is that?" said the other forest trees to the pine. "Do not have anything to do with the flax! It is hardly an ell high, and is so weak and feeble. No; if you must have a friend, choose the tall spruce over there, or the birch tree yonder on the hill. They are tall and strong, and fit for you."

But the pine would not desert the flax, and did not listen to what its forest comrades said. The thistle, the burdock, and other small plants around there, talked to the flax.

"Are you crazy to think of the lofty pine?" said they. "Do you think it troubles itself about you? It is tall and proud, and the favorite of all the forest trees. What can you do for each other? Children of a size play best together. Turn your attention to the juniper bush or the raspberry vine, as long as you are not so very clever, and content yourself with one of us."

"I shall trust the pine tree," replied the flax. "It looks so honorable and faithful, and I am so fond of it." And so the pine and the flax did not desert each other, whatever was said round about.

But time passed on. The flax was pulled up, and ropes and cloth were made from it. The pine was felled, the branches chopped up, and it was carried to the city. Still they did not forget each other, although neither knew where the other was.

Th. Weber.

RETURN OF THE FISHERMEN.

In the city to which the pine was taken, lay a large and beautiful ship lately launched into the water. On this the pine was erected as a mast, and on the highest point waved the flag. But the proud mast could not carry the ship forward.

Then there came a great white cloth; that was the sail. It went up after the mast, wrapped itself around it, spread itself out like a giant wing, and caught the wind on its wide curve.

The sail was woven of linen that grew out in the field on the edge of the wood; and the friends who were so dear to each other clasped each other faithfully. Out over the blue waves and the foaming billows they went, to new, beautiful lands and unknown places. It was life, it was pleasure, to go on united, side by side.

The wind, who travels with messages around the world, flew to the forest, to the thistle, and the burdock, and told them that the pine and the flax, now united, were traveling over the ocean.

"Who would have believed it?" whispered the forest trees.

"Who could have believed it?" said the burdock and its comrades.

But the pine and the flax believed it. They believed in each other.

ALBREKT SEGERSTEDT.

THE SCOTTISH SHEPHERD IN WINTER.

When red hath set the beamless sun,
Through heavy vapors dark and dun;
When the tired plowman, dry and warm,
Hears, half asleep, the rising storm,
Hurling the hail, and sleeted rain
Against the casement's tinkling pane;
The sounds that drive wild deer and fox
To shelter in the brake and rocks,
Are warnings which the shepherd ask
To dismal and to dangerous task.

Oft he looks forth, and hopes, in vain,
The blast may sink in mellowing rain;
Till, dark above, and white below,
Decided drives the flaky snow,
And forth the hardy swain must go.

Long, with dejected look and whine,
To leave the hearth the dogs repine;
Whistling and cheering them to aid,
Around his back he wreathes the plaid:
His flock he gathers and he guides,
To open downs, the mountain sides,
Where fiercest though the tempest blow,
Least deeply lies the drift below.

Troyon.

THE SCOTTISH SHEPHERD.

The blast, that whistles o'er the fells,
Stiffens his locks to icicles;
Oft he looks back, while streaming far,
His cottage window seems a star, —
Loses its feeble gleam, — and then
Turns patient to the blast again,
And, facing to the tempest's sweep,
Drives through the gloom his lagging sheep.

If fails his heart, if his limbs fail,
Benumbing death is in the gale:
His paths, his landmarks, all unknown,
Close to the hut, no more his own,
Close to the aid he sought in vain,
The morn may find the stiffened swain:
The widow sees, at dawning pale,
His orphans raise their feeble wail;
And, close beside him in the snow,
Poor Yarrow, partner of their woe,
Couches upon his master's breast,
And licks his cheek to break his rest.

WALTER SCOTT.

I slept, and dreamed that life was Beauty;
I woke, and found that life was Duty.
Was my dream, then, a shadowy lie?
Toil on, poor heart, unceasingly;
And thou shalt find thy dream to be
A truth and noonday light to thee.

ELLEN STURGIS HOOPER.

FISHING.

mysterious	amicable	tench
heightened	probable	conscious
prepared	dreamily	pasture
disadvantage	excited	prevent

Tom and Maggie were on their way to the Round Pool, — that wonderful pool, which the floods had made a long while ago. No one knew how deep it was; and it was mysterious, too, that it should be almost a perfect round, framed in with willows and tall reeds, so that the water was only to be seen when you got close to the brink.

The sight of the old favorite spot always heightened Tom's good-humor, and he spoke to Maggie in the most amicable of whispers, as he opened the precious basket and prepared their tackle. He threw her line for her, and put the rod into her hand.

Maggie thought it probable that the small fish would come to her hook, and the larger ones to Tom's. But she had forgotten all about the fish, and was looking dreamily at the glassy water, when Tom said, in a loud whisper, "Look, look, Maggie!" and came running to prevent her from snatching her line away.

Maggie was frightened lest she had been doing something wrong, as usual; but presently Tom drew

out her line and brought a large tench bouncing on the grass.

Tom was excited. "O Magsie, you little duck! Empty the basket." Maggie was not conscious of unusual merit, but it was enough that Tom called her Magsie, and was pleased with her.

There was nothing to mar her delight in the whispers and the dreamy silences, when she listened to the light dipping sounds of the rising fish, and the gentle rustling, as if the willows and the reeds and the water had their happy whisperings also.

It was one of their happy mornings. They trotted along and sat down together, with no thought that life would ever change much for them; for they would only get bigger and not go to school, and it would always be like the holidays; they would always live together and be fond of each other. . . .

Tom thought people were at a disadvantage who lived on any other spot of the globe; and Maggie, when she read about Christiana passing "the river over which there is no bridge," always saw the Floss between the green pastures by the Great Ash. Life did not change for Tom and Maggie; and yet they were not wrong in believing that the thoughts and loves of those first years would always make part of their lives.

GEORGE ELIOT.

[Abridgment.]

THE BOY ARTIST.

worthy	impertinence	slumbered
conceal	variegated	invented
civilly	presented	insisted
resisted	manufacture	numerous

In the year 1738 there came into the world, in the town of Springfield, Pennsylvania, a Quaker infant, from whom his parents and neighbors looked for wonderful things.

A famous preacher of the Society of Friends had prophesied about little Ben, and foretold that he would be one of the most remarkable characters that had appeared on earth since the days of William Penn. On this account the eyes of many people were fixed on the boy.

Some of his ancestors had won great renown in the old wars of England and France; but it was probably expected that Ben would become a preacher, and would convert multitudes to the peaceful doctrines of the Quakers. Friend West and his wife were thought to be very fortunate in having such a son.

Little Ben lived to the ripe age of six years without doing anything worthy to be told in history. But one summer afternoon, in his seventh year, his mother put a fan into his hand and bade him keep the flies away from the face of a little babe who

lay fast asleep in the cradle. She then left the room.

The boy waved the fan to and fro, and drove away the buzzing flies whenever they had the impertinence to come near the baby's face. When they had all flown out of the window, or into distant parts of the room, he bent over the cradle, and delighted himself with gazing at the sleeping infant.

It was, indeed, a very pretty sight. The little personage in the cradle slumbered peacefully, with its waxen hands under its chin, looking as full of blissful quiet as if angels were singing lullabies in its ear. Indeed, it must have been dreaming about heaven; for while Ben stooped over the cradle, the little baby smiled.

"How beautiful she looks!" said Ben to himself. "What a pity it is that such a smile should not last forever!"

Now, Ben, at this period of his life, had never heard of that wonderful art by which a look, that appears and vanishes in a moment, may be made to last for hundreds of years. But, though nobody had told him of such an art, he may be said to have invented it for himself.

On a table near at hand there were pens and paper, and ink of two colors, black and red. The boy seized a pen and a sheet of paper, and, kneeling down beside the cradle, began to draw a likeness of the infant.

While he was busied in this manner, he heard his mother's step approaching, and hastily tried to conceal the paper.

"Benjamin, my son, what hast thou been doing?" inquired his mother, observing marks of confusion in his face.

At first Ben was unwilling to tell; for he felt as if there might be something wrong in stealing the baby's face, and putting it upon a sheet of paper. However, as his mother insisted, he finally put the sketch into her hand, and then hung his head, expecting to be well scolded. But when the good lady saw what was on the paper, in lines of red and black ink, she uttered a scream of surprise and joy.

"Bless me!" cried she. "It is a picture of little Sally!" And then she threw her arms round our friend Benjamin, and kissed him so tenderly that he never afterward was afraid to show his performances to his mother.

As Ben grew older he was observed to take vast delight in looking at the hues and forms of nature. For instance, he was greatly pleased with the blue violets of spring, the wild roses of summer, and the scarlet cardinal flowers of early autumn.

In the decline of the year, when the woods were variegated with all the colors of the rainbow, Ben seemed to desire nothing better than to gaze at them from morn till night. The purple and golden clouds

of sunset were a joy to him. And he was continually endeavoring to draw the figures of trees, men, mountains, houses, cattle, geese, ducks, and turkeys, with a piece of chalk, on barn doors or on the floor.

In those old times the Mohawk Indians were still numerous in Pennsylvania. Every year a party of them used to pay a visit to Springfield, because the wigwams of their ancestors had formerly stood there. These wild men grew fond of little Ben, and made him very happy by giving him some of the red and yellow paint with which they were accustomed to adorn their faces. His mother, too, presented him with a piece of indigo.

Thus he had now three colors, — red, blue, and yellow, — and could manufacture green by mixing the yellow with the blue. Our friend Ben was overjoyed, and doubtless showed his gratitude to the Indians by taking their likenesses in the strange dresses which they wore, with feathers, tomahawks, and bows and arrows.

But all this time the young artist had no paint brushes; nor were there any to be bought, unless he sent to Philadelphia on purpose. However, he was a very ingenious boy, and resolved to manufacture paint brushes for himself. With this design he laid hold upon — what do you think? Why, upon a respectable old black cat, which was sleeping quietly by the fireside.

"Puss," said little Ben to the cat, "pray give me some of the fur from the tip of thy tail."

Though he addressed the black cat so civilly, yet Ben was determined to have the fur, whether she were willing or not. Puss, who had no great zeal for the fine arts, would have resisted if she could; but the boy was armed with his mother's scissors, and very dexterously clipped off fur enough to make a paint brush.

This was of so much use to him that he applied to Madam Puss again and again, until her warm coat of fur had become so thin and ragged that she could hardly keep comfortable through the winter.

Poor thing! she was forced to creep close to the chimney corner, and eyed Ben with a very rueful face. But Ben considered it more necessary that he should have paint brushes than that puss should be warm.

About this period friend West received a visit from Mr. Pennington, a merchant of Philadelphia, who was likewise a member of the Society of Friends. The visitor, on entering the parlor, was surprised to see it ornamented with drawings of Indian chiefs, and of birds with beautiful plumage, and of wild flowers of the forest. Nothing of the kind was ever seen before in the habitation of a Quaker farmer.

"Why, friend West," exclaimed the Philadelphia

merchant, "what has possessed thee to cover thy walls with all these pictures? Where on earth didst thou get them?"

Then friend West explained that all these pictures were painted by little Ben, with no better materials than red and yellow ochre and a piece of indigo, and brushes made of the black cat's fur.

"Verily," said Mr. Pennington, "the boy hath wonderful faculty. Some of our friends might look upon these matters as vanity; but little Benjamin appears to have been born a painter; and Providence is wiser than we are."

The good merchant patted Benjamin on the head, and evidently considered him a wonderful boy.

When his parents saw how much their son's performances were admired, they, no doubt, remembered the prophecy of the old Quaker preacher respecting Ben's future eminence. Yet they could not understand how he was ever to become a very great and useful man merely by making pictures.

One evening, shortly after Mr. Pennington's return to Philadelphia, a package arrived at Springfield directed to our little friend Ben.

"What can it possibly be?" thought Ben, when it was put into his hands. "Who can have sent me such a great square package as this?"

On taking off the thick brown paper which enveloped it, behold! there was a paint box, with a great

many cakes of paint, and brushes of various sizes. It was the gift of good Mr. Pennington.

There were likewise several squares of canvas, such as artists use for painting pictures upon, and, in addition to all these treasures, some beautiful engravings of landscapes. These were the first pictures that Ben had ever seen, except those of his own drawing.

What a joyful evening was this for the little artist! At bedtime he put the paint box under his pillow, and got hardly a wink of sleep; for all night long his fancy was painting pictures in the darkness.

In the morning he hurried to the garret, and was seen no more till the dinner hour; nor did he give himself time to eat more than a mouthful or two of food before he hurried back to the garret again.

The next day, and the next, he was just as busy as ever; until at last his mother thought it time to ascertain what he was about. She accordingly followed him to the garret.

On opening the door the first object that presented itself to her eyes was our friend Benjamin, giving the last touches to a beautiful picture. He had copied portions of two engravings, and made one picture out of both, with such admirable skill that it was far more beautiful than the originals. The grass, the trees, the water, the sky, and the houses were all painted in their proper colors. There, too,

were the sunshine and the shadow, looking as natural as life.

"My dear child, thou hast done wonders!" cried his mother. The good lady was in an ecstasy of delight.

And well she might be proud of her boy; for there were touches in this picture which old artists, who had spent a lifetime in the business, need not have been ashamed of.

Many a year afterward, this wonderful production was exhibited in the Royal Academy in London.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

THE RISING OF THE WATERS.

[CANADA.]

explored	cataracts	riven
extinguish	credit	scimitars
reluctant	intervals	ribaldry
deluge	frantic	augmented

The site I had chosen for a shanty was near to a little brook, on the top of the main river's bank. In fine weather, no situation could be more beautiful; the brook was as clear as crystal, and fell in a small cascade into the river, which, broad and deep, ran beneath the bank with a swift but smooth current.

The forest up the river had not been explored above

a mile or two; all beyond was unknown wilderness. Some vague rumors of small lakes and beaver dams were circulated in the village, but no importance was attached to the information; save but for the occasional little torrents with which the rain sometimes hastily threatened to extinguish our fires, we had no cause to dread inundation.

The rain still continued to fall incessantly; the pools it formed in the hollows of the ground began, toward noon, to overflow their banks, and to become united. By and by something like a slight current was observed passing from one to another; but thinking only of preserving our fire, we no farther noticed this than by occasionally running out of the shanty into the shower, and scraping a channel to let the water run off into the brook or the river.

It was hoped that about noon the rain would slacken; but in this we were disappointed. It continued to increase, and the ground began to be so flooded, while the brook swelled to a river, that we thought it might become necessary to shift our tent to a higher part of the bank.

To do this, however, we were reluctant; for it was impossible to encounter the deluge without being almost instantly soaked to the skin; and we had put up the shanty with more pains than usual, intending it should serve us for a home until our house was comfortably furnished.

About three o'clock the skies were dreadfully darkened and overcast. I had never seen such darkness while the sun was above the horizon; and still the rain continued to descend in cataracts, but at intervals. No man who had not seen the like would credit the description.

Suddenly a sudden flash of lightning, followed by an instantaneous thunder-peal, lightened up all the forest; and almost in the same moment the rain came lavishing along as if the windows of heaven were opened; anon another flash, and a louder peal burst upon us, as if the whole forest were rending over and around us.

I drew my helpless and trembling little boys under the skirts of my greatcoat.

Then there was another frantic flash, and the roar of the thunder was augmented by the riven trees that fell, cloven on all sides in a whirlwind of splinters. But though the lightning was more terrible than scimitars, and the thunder roared as if the vaults of heaven were shaken to pieces and tumbling in, the irresistible rain was more appalling than either.

I pressed my children to my bosom, but I could not speak. At the common shanty, where there had been for some time an affectation of mirth and ribaldry, there was now silence; at last, as if with one accord, all the inhabitants rushed from below their miserable shed, tore it into pieces, and ran with

the fragments to a higher ground, crying wildly, "The river is rising!"

I had seen it swelling for some time, but our shanty stood so far above the stream that I had no fear it would reach us. Scarcely, however, had the axmen escaped from theirs and planted themselves firmly on the crown of the rising ground nearer to us, where they were hastily constructing another shed, when a tremendous crash and roar was heard at some distance in the woods, higher up the stream.

It was so awful — I had almost said omnipotent — in the sound, that I started to my feet and shook my treasures from me. For a moment the Niagara of the river seemed almost to pause — it was but for a moment — for, instantly after, the noise of the rending of weighty trees, the crashing and the tearing of the rooted forest rose around. The waters of the river, troubled and raging, came hurling with the wreck of the woods, sweeping with inconceivable fury everything that stood within its scope. A lake had burst its banks.

The sudden rise of the waters soon, however, subsided; I saw it ebbing fast, and comforted my terrified boys. The rain also began to abate. Instead of those dreaded sheets of waves which fell upon us as if some vast ocean behind the forest were heaving over its spray, a thick continued small rain came on;

and, about an hour after sunset, streaks and breaks in the clouds gave token that the worst was over.

It was not so, however; for about the same time a stream appeared in the hollow, between the rising ground to which the axmen had retired and the little knoll on which our shanty stood; at the same time the waters in the river began to swell again.

The darkness and increasing rage of the river, which there was just twilight enough to show was rising above the brim of the bank, smote me with inexpressible terror. I snatched my children by the hand, and rushed forward to join the axmen; but the torrent between us rolled so violently that to pass was impossible; and the river continued to rise.

I called aloud to the axmen for assistance; and when they heard my desperate cries, they came out from the shed, some with burning brands, and others with their axes glittering in the flames. But they could render no help.

At last, one man, a fearless backwoodsman, happened to observe, by the firelight, a tree on the bank of the torrent, which it in some degree overhung, and he called to others to join him in making a bridge. In the course of a few minutes the tree was laid across the stream, and we scrambled over, just as the river extinguished our fire and swept our shanty away.

This rescue was in itself so wonderful, and the

scene had been so terrible, that it was some time after we were safe before I could rouse myself to believe that I was not in the fangs of the nightmare. My poor boys clung to me as if still not assured of their security, and I wept upon their necks in the ecstasy of an unspeakable passion of anguish and joy.

JOHN GALT.

THE CHILD-MUSICIAN.

He had played for his lordship's levee,
  He had played for her ladyship's whim,
Till the poor little head was heavy,
  And the poor little brain would swim.

And the face grew peaked and eerie,
  And the large eyes strange and bright,
And they said — too late — "He is weary!
  He shall rest for, at least, to-night!"

But at dawn, when the birds were waking,
  As they watched in the silent room,
With the sound of a strained cord breaking,
  A something snapped in the gloom.

'Twas the string of his violoncello,
  And they heard him stir in his bed: —
"Make room for a tired little fellow,
  Kind God!" — was the last that he said.

AUSTIN DOBSON.

GULLIVER AND THE GIANT MONKEY.

bounce	conveniency	diversions
presence	meditating	Glumdalclitch
espied	retreated	encompassed
submit	prudent	ridiculous

[Lemuel Gulliver, on his wonderful travels, has reached a country called Brobdingnag. Everything is on an enormous scale, so that, to the eyes of the inhabitants, the traveller appears no larger than a very small doll appears to us. Gulliver's lodgings are two wooden boxes.]

The greatest danger I ever underwent in that kingdom was from a monkey who belonged to one of the clerks of the kitchen. Glumdalclitch had locked me up in her closet while she went somewhere upon business or a visit.

The weather being very warm, the closet window was left open, as well as the windows and the door of my bigger box, in which I usually lived because of its largeness and conveniency.

As I sat quietly meditating at my table, I heard something bounce in at the closet window, and skip about from one side to the other. Although I was much alarmed, yet I ventured to look out, but not stirring from my seat; and then I saw this frolicsome animal frisking and leaping up and down, till at last he came to my box, which he seemed to view with

great pleasure and curiosity, peeping in at the door and at every window.

I retreated to the farther corner of my room, or box; but the monkey, looking in at every side, put me into such a fright that I wanted presence of mind to conceal myself under the bed, as I might easily have done.

After some time spent in peeping, grinning, and chattering, he at last espied me, and reaching one of his paws in at the door, as a cat does when she plays with a mouse, although I often shifted place to avoid him, he at length caught hold of the lappet of my coat, and dragged me out.

He took me in his right forefoot and held me as a nurse does a child, just as I have seen the same sort of creature do with a kitten, in Europe; and when I offered to struggle, he squeezed me so hard that I thought it more prudent to submit.

In these diversions he was interrupted by a noise at the closet door, as if somebody were opening it; whereupon he leaped suddenly up to the window at which he had come in, and thence upon the leads and gutters, walking upon three legs, and holding me in the fourth, till he clambered up to the roof that was next to ours.

I heard Glumdalclitch give a shriek at the moment he was carrying me out. The poor girl was almost distracted. That quarter of the palace was all in an

uproar; the servants ran for ladders. The monkey was seen by hundreds in the court, sitting upon the ridge of the building, holding me like a baby in one of his fore paws.

At this many of the rabble below could not forbear laughing; neither do I think they justly ought to be blamed, for without question, the sight was ridiculous enough to everybody but myself.

Some of the people threw up stones, hoping to drive the monkey down; but this was strictly forbidden, or else very probably my brains had been dashed out.

The ladders were now applied, and mounted by several men. The monkey observing this, and finding himself almost encompassed, and not being able to make speed enough with his three legs, let me drop on a ridge tile, and made his escape.

Here I sat for some time, three hundred yards from the ground, expecting every moment to be blown down by the wind, or to fall by my own giddiness, and come tumbling from the ridge to the eaves; but an honest lad, one of my nurse's footmen, climbed up, and, putting me into his breeches pocket, brought me down safe.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

Dare to be true; nothing can need a lie;
A fault which needs it most, grows two thereby.

GEORGE HERBERT.

JACK'S RESCUE.

genial	expiration	opportunity
agility	authority	jealousy
gratify	youthful	deliverer
audible	musquash	exhaustion

It was the last day of the spring term of school. With Jack this meant the end of his opportunity of going to school. What he should learn hereafter he must learn by himself. The money was nearly out, and he must go to work.

The last day of school meant also the expiration of the master's authority. The last day of school had no to-morrow to be afraid of. Hence, Pewee and his friends proposed to square accounts with Jack Dudley, whom they hated for being the best scholar, and for having outwitted them more than once.

It was on the first day of June that the school ended, and Mr. Williams bade his pupils good-by. The warm sun had by this time brought the waters of the Ohio to a temperature that made bathing pleasant, and when the school closed, all the boys, delighted with liberty, rushed to the river for a good swim together. In that genial climate one can remain in the water for hours at a time, and boys become swimmers at an early age.

Just below the village a raft was moored, and from this the youthful swimmers were soon diving into the deep waters like frogs. Every boy who could perform any feat of agility displayed it. One would turn a somersault in the water, and then dive from one side of the raft to another; one could float and another could swim on his back, while a third was learning to tread water.

Some were fond of diving toes downward; others took "headers." The little fellows who could not swim kept on the inside of the great raft and paddled about with the aid of slabs used for floats. Jack, who had lived for years on the banks of the Wildcat River, could swim and dive like a musquash.

Mr. Williams, the teacher, felt lonesome at saying good-by to his school; and to keep the boys company as long as possible, he strolled down to the bank and sat on the grass watching the bathers below him.

Riley and Pewee had their plans arranged. When Jack should get his clothes on, they intended to pitch him off the raft for a good wetting, and thus gratify their long-hoarded jealousy.

When at length Jack had enjoyed the water enough, he came out and was about to begin dressing. Pewee and Riley were close at hand, already dressed and prepared to give Jack a farewell ducking.

But just at that moment there came from the other end of the raft, and from the spectators on the

bank, a wild, confused cry, and all turned to hearken. Harry Weathervane's younger brother, whose name was Andrew Jackson, and who could not swim, in dressing, had stepped too far backward and gone off the raft. He uttered a despairing and terrified scream, struck out wildly and blindly, and went down.

All up and down the raft and up and down the bank there went up a cry, "Andy is drowning!" while everybody looked for somebody else to save him. The schoolmaster was sitting on the bank, and saw the accident. He quickly slipped off his boots; but then he stopped, for Jack had already started on a splendid run down that long raft.

The confused and terrified boys made a path for him quickly, as he came on at more than the tremendous speed he had always shown in games. He did not stop to leap, but ran full tilt off the raft, falling upon the drowning boy and carrying him completely under water with him.

Nobody breathed during the two seconds that Jack under water, struggled to get a good hold of Andy and to keep Andy from disabling him by his blind grappling of Jack's limbs.

When at length Jack's head came above water, there was an audible sigh of relief from all the onlookers. But the danger was not over.

"Let go my arms, Andy!" cried Jack. "You'll

L.A.Ams.

drown both of us if you hold on that way. If you don't let go, I'll strike you."

Jack knew that it was sometimes necessary to stun a drowning person before you could save him, where he persisted in clutching his deliverer. But poor frightened Andy let go of Jack's arms at last. Jack was already exhausted with swimming, and he had great difficulty in dragging the little fellow to the raft, where Will Riley and Pewee Rose pulled him out of the water.

But now, while all were giving attention to the rescued Andy, there occurred with Jack one of those events which people call a cramp. The heart insists on resting, the consciousness grows dim, the will-power flags, and the strong swimmer sinks.

Nobody was regarding Jack, who first found himself unable to make even an effort to climb on the raft; then his hold on its edge relaxed, and he slowly sank out of sight. Pewee saw his sinking condition first, and cried out, as did Riley and all the rest, doing nothing to save Jack, but running up and down the raft in a vain search for a rope or a pole.

The schoolmaster, having seen that Andy was brought out little worse for his fright and the water he had swallowed, was about to put on his boots when this new alarm attracted his attention to Jack Dudley. Instantly he threw off his coat and was bounding down the steep bank, along the plank to

the raft, and then along the raft to where Jack had sunk entirely out of sight.

Mr. Williams leaped headfirst into the water and made what the boys afterward called a splendid dive. Once under water he opened his eyes and looked about for Jack.

At last he came up, drawing after him the unconscious and apparently lifeless form of Jack, who was taken from the water by the boys.

The teacher dispatched two boys to bring Dr. Lanham, while he set himself to restore consciousness by producing artificial breathing.

It was some time after Dr. Lanham's arrival that Jack fully regained his consciousness, when he was carried home by the strong arms of Bob Holliday, Will Riley, and Pewee, in turn.

EDWARD EGGLESTON.

THE CRAB OF THE CORAL ISLANDS.

cocoanut	cocoons	imitate
lizards	insects	fiber
unique	beetles	proboscis
fashion	shelter	moisten

Sea birds come to the coral island, and rest and build; and seeds are floated thither from far lands; and among them almost always is the cocoanut,

which loves to grow by the seashore, and groves of cocoa palm grow up upon the lonely isle.

Then, perhaps, trees and bushes are drifted thither before the trade wind; and entangled in their roots are seeds of other plants, and eggs or cocoons of insects. And so a few flowers and a few butterflies and beetles set up for themselves upon the new land.

And then a bird or two, caught in the storm and blown to sea, finds shelter in the cocoa grove; and so a little new world is set up, in which — you must remember always — there are no four-footed beasts, nor snakes, nor lizards, nor frogs, nor any animals that cannot cross the sea.

And on some of those islands they may live — indeed, there is reason to believe they have lived — so long that some of them have changed their forms; till upon some of them you find such strange and unique creatures as the famous cocoanut crab, which learned men call *Birgus latro*.

A great crab he is, that walks upon the tips of his toes a foot above ground.

And because he has nothing to eat but cocoanuts or at least they are the best thing he can find — cocoanuts he has learned to eat, and after a fashion it would puzzle you to imitate.

Some say that he climbs up the stems of the cocoa palms, and pulls the fruit down for himself; but that, it seems, he does not usually do.

What he does is this: when he finds a fallen cocoanut, he begins tearing away the thick husk and fiber with his strong claws, and he knows perfectly well which end to tear it from; namely, from the end where the eyeholes are, — which you call the monkey's face, — out of one of which, you know, the young cocoanut would burst forth.

And when he has got to the eyeholes, he hammers through one of them with the point of his heavy claw. So far, so good: but how is he to get the meat out?

He cannot put his claw in. He has no proboscis like a butterfly to insert and suck with. He is as far off from his dinner as the fox was when the stork offered him a feast in a long-necked jar.

What, then, do you think he does? He turns himself round, puts in a pair of his hind pincers, which are very slender, and with them scoops the meat out of the cocoanut, and so puts his dinner into his mouth with his hind feet.

And even the cocoanut husk he does not waste; for he lives in deep burrows which he makes, like a rabbit; and being a luxurious crab, and liking to sleep soft in his hard shell, he lines them with a quantity of the cocoanut fiber, picked out clean and fine, just as if he were going to make cocoanut matting of it.

And being also a clean crab, he goes down to the

sea every night to have his bath and moisten his gills; and so he lives happy all his days, and gets so fat in his old age that he carries in his body nearly a quart of pure oil.

That is the history of the cocoanut crab.

And if any one tells me that the crab acts only on what is called "instinct," but does not think and reason, though of course not in words as you and I do, then I shall be inclined to say that that person does not think nor reason either.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

DAFFODILS.

I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host, of golden daffodils
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretched in never ending line
Along the margin of a bay;
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced; but they
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee;
A poet could not but be gay
In such a jocund company;
I gazed — and gazed — but little thought
What wealth to me the show had brought.

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye,
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

THE SONG OF PIPPA.

The year's at the spring,
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hillside's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn:
God's in his heaven —
All's right with the world.

ROBERT BROWNING.

A DOG OF OLD ROME.

conspirator	servants	Tiber
persuaded	prison	Romans
suffered	offenses	chief
execution	managed	plot

It happened that a plot against the emperor Nero had been discovered, and the chief conspirator had been put to death, together with some of his servants.

One of these men had a dog of which he was very fond; and from the moment the man was thrown into prison, the dog could not be persuaded to move away from the door.

At last there came a day when the man suffered the cruel death common in Rome for such offenses. He was thrown down a steep flight of stairs, and his neck was broken by the fall.

A crowd of Romans had gathered round the place of execution, in order to see the sight, and in the midst of them all the dog managed to reach his master's side, and he lay there howling piteously.

Then one of the crowd, moved with pity, threw to the dog a piece of meat; but he only took it and laid it across his master's mouth.

By and by the men came for the body in order to throw it into the river Tiber. Even then the dog followed and swam after it, and held it up and tried to bring it to land; and the people came out in multitudes from the houses round about to see what it was to be faithful unto death — and beyond it.

PLINY.

THE SEASONS IN SWEDEN.

pompous	lingering	crimson
icicles	festival	zenith
horizon	twilight	Balder
musical	belfry	sonorous

Nor must we forget the sudden changing seasons of the northern clime. There is no long and lingering spring, unfolding leaf and blossom one by one;

no long and lingering autumn, pompous with many-colored leaves and the glow of Indian summers.

But winter and summer are wonderful, and pass into each other. The quail has hardly ceased piping in the corn when winter, from the folds of trailing clouds, sows broadcast over the land snow, icicles, and rattling hail. The days wane apace. Erelong the sun hardly rises above the horizon, or does not rise at all.

The moon and the stars shine through the day; only at noon they are pale and wan, and in the southern sky a red fiery glow, as of sunset, burns along the horizon, and then goes out.

And pleasantly under the silver moon, and under the silent, solemn stars, ring the heels of the skaters on the frozen sea, and voices, and the sound of bells.

And now the northern lights begin to burn; faintly at first, like sunbeams playing in the waters of the blue sea. Then a soft crimson glow tinges the heavens. There is a blush on the cheek of night. The colors come and go, and change from crimson to gold, from gold to crimson.

The snow is stained with rosy light. Twofold from the zenith, east and west, flames a fiery sword; and a broad band passes athwart the heavens like a summer sunset. Soft purple clouds come sailing over the sky, and through their vapory folds the winking stars shine as white as silver.

And now the glad, leafy midsummer, full of blossoms and the song of nightingales, is come. Saint John has taken the flowers and festival of heathen Balder; and in every village there is a May-pole fifty feet high, with wreaths and roses and ribbons streaming in the wind, and a noisy weathercock on top, to tell the village whence the wind cometh and whither it goeth.

The sun does not set till ten o'clock at night; and the children are at play in the streets an hour later. The windows and the doors are all open, and you may sit and read till midnight without a candle.

Oh, how beautiful is the summer night, which is not night, but a sunless yet unclouded day, descending upon earth with dews, and shadows, and refreshing coolness!

How beautiful the long, mild twilight, which like a silver clasp unites to-day with yesterday!

How beautiful the silent hour when Morning and Evening sit together, hand in hand, beneath the starless sky of midnight!

From the church tower in the public square the bell tolls the hour, with a soft musical chime; and the watchman, whose watch-tower is the belfry, blows a blast on his horn for each stroke of the hammer; and four times to the four corners of the heavens, in a sonorous voice, he chants: —

"Ho! watchman, ho!
Twelve is the clock!
God keep our town
From fire and brand,
And hostile hand!
Twelve is the clock."

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

A NEW YEAR.

All nights are sacred nights to make
Confession and resolve and prayer;
All days are sacred days to wake
New gladness in the sunny air.
Only a night from old to new;
Only a sleep from night to morn.
The new is but the old come true;
Each sunrise sees a new year born.

HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

'Tis pleasant time, when voices chime
To some sweet rhyme in concert only,
And song to me is company,
Good company when I am lonely.

GEORGE W. BETHUNE.

THE STORY OF ELIZABETH ZANE.

[Virginia, 1777.]

powder	murdered	fearless
colonel	arrangement	stockade
dispute	educated	article
renew	remarkable	cruelty

The fighting at once began. It was a beautiful September morning, and the red and yellow foliage of the woods shone in the sunshine.

The Indians advanced with loud yells, firing as they came; and the fire was returned from the fort, where each one picked out his man and took dead aim, in order not to waste powder.

A number of the savages were killed, and they saw that nothing could be done by fighting in that manner. A party of them, therefore, rushed up close to the fort, and endeavored to thrust their guns through holes in the logs and fire at the whites.

But this was an unfortunate attempt. The whites killed nearly all the attacking party, and then the whole army of Indians fell back, yelling, into the woods.

The men in the fort now held a consultation. They knew too much about Indians to believe that they were going to give up the struggle. Their retreat into the woods, they felt sure, was only make-believe, and they would probably make another at-

tack very soon. The whites therefore prepared for this, but found to their great dismay that scarcely any gunpowder was left in the fort. They had forgotten the keg of powder in one of the houses near.

What was to be done? They must have more powder or they could not fight, and they and the women and children would all be murdered. The only thing to do was to try and get the keg which had been left behind; but this would be almost certain death to anybody who attempted it.

The house in which the keg was, stood only about sixty yards from the gate of the fort; but they knew that although they could not see the Indians, they were on the watch. As soon as a man left the fort he would probably be killed before he had gone ten yards; but they had to have the powder, and somebody must run the risk.

Colonel Shepard told his men exactly how the case was. He would not order any man to go and get the powder, he said, as the Indians were almost sure to kill him; but if any one chose to volunteer — that is, to offer to go himself — he would accept his offer.

At this three or four young men and boys stepped forward, and said they were willing to go. But the colonel replied that he could not spare three or four men — there were too few in the fort. One would do, and they must agree among themselves which one it was to be.

This caused quite a dispute. One said *he* would go, but another said *he* would go; and they went on disputing and losing time, until there was danger that the Indians would renew the attack before any arrangement could be made.

At this moment a young lady among the women in the fort came forward and said *she* was ready to go. Her name was Elizabeth Zane, and she had just come from a boarding-school in Philadelphia, where she had gone to be educated. This made her brave offer all the more remarkable, as she had not been trained up in the fearless life of the border; so you will see that she must have been a noble girl.

Of course the men would not hear of such a thing. It was their place, they said, to expose their lives, not the place of women or girls; but Elizabeth went on urging that she ought to be allowed to go.

She was told that she would almost certainly be killed, and therefore a man ought to go for the powder. But this, she said, was the very reason why she offered herself. They could not spare a *man*, as they had so few, and the loss of a girl would not amount to much. And so, at length, they reluctantly agreed that she should go for the keg of gunpowder.

When Elizabeth Zane ran out from the fort, a few straggling Indians were observed dodging about among the log houses of the town, which stood about three or four hundred yards east of the fort. They

saw the girl, for the people in the stockade observed them looking at her; but for some reason they did not fire at her. Why they did not, it is difficult to say.

They may have supposed she was only running to the house to get her clothes, or a hair-brush, or some other article which girls like to have; and as the Indians loved fun under all their cruelty, they may have laughed to see the young lady running, with her skirts flying behind her, toward the house.

It was just as likely, however, that they thought it would be only throwing away a load of gunpowder to fire at a girl, who was of no use to anybody. As they felt certain that they should take the fort, they could easily kill her afterward by dashing her brains out with a tomahawk. So they quietly looked at her as she ran across to the house, and not a shot was fired at her.

As they were so anxious to capture Fort Henry, it would have been better for them to have killed that girl, for she was destined to save it.

She hastened into the house, found the keg of gunpowder — which was probably small — and holding her precious load close to her breast, darted out again, and ran with it in the direction of the fort.

As she ran the Indians saw her, and understood what she had come for. Uttering a wild yell, they leveled their guns and sent a shower of bullets at

her, but all flew wide of the mark. They whistled to the right and left, but did not strike her; and with the keg still hugged to her bosom, she reached the fort, and the gate closed as the bullets buried themselves in the thick panels behind her.

A weak girl had thus saved a dozen men and their wives and children. It was a brave act, and Americans should never forget to honor the name of Elizabeth Zane.

JOHN ESTEN COOKE.

MARJORIE'S ALMANAC.

Robins in the tree-tops,
  Blossoms in the grass;
Green things a-growing
  Everywhere you pass;
Sudden little breezes;
  Showers of silver dew;
Black bough and bent twig
  Budding out anew;
Pine tree and willow tree,
  Fringed elm, and larch, —
Don't you think that May-time's
  Pleasanter than March?

Apples in the orchard,
  Mellowing one by one;
Strawberries upturning
  Soft cheeks to the sun;

Roses faint with sweetness;
  Lilies, fair of face;
Drowsy scents and murmurs
  Haunting every place;
Lengths of golden sunshine;
  Moonlight bright as day,—
Don't you think that Summer's
  Pleasanter than May?

Roger in the corn-patch,
  Whistling negro songs;
Pussy by the hearth-side
  Romping with the tongs;
Chestnuts in the ashes
  Bursting through the rind;
Red leaf and gold leaf
  Rustling down the wind;
Mother "doin' peaches"
  All the afternoon,—
Don't you think that Autumn's
  Pleasanter than June?

Little fairy snowflakes
  Dancing in the flue;
Old Mr. Santa Claus,
  What is keeping you?
Twilight and firelight;
  Shadows come and go;

Merry chime of sleigh-bells
  Tinkling through the snow;
Mother knitting stockings
  (Pussy's got the ball!) —
Don't you think that Winter's
  Pleasanter than all?

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

THE ELEPHANT OF PARIS.

Bastille	elephant	constructed
colossus	singular	reflection
enormous	preserve	infinitely
Gavroche	crevice	inclosure

Many years ago there stood, at the southeastern corner of the square of the Bastille, an enormous plaster cast of an elephant.

It was forty feet high, constructed of carpentry and masonry, bearing on its back a castle, once painted green by some plasterer, now painted black by the weather and time.

In that deserted and uncovered corner of the square the wide forehead of this colossus, its trunk, its tusks, its enormous back, and its four legs like columns, produced at night a surprising and terrible outline.

It stood in its corner, gloomy, crumbling away, surrounded by rotten palings. It was to this corner of

the square, scarcely lighted by the reflection of a distant oil lamp, that the boy Gavroche led two children.

On coming near the colossus Gavroche, knowing the effect which the infinitely great can produce upon the infinitely little, said, "Don't be frightened, little chaps!"

Then he passed through a gap in the palings into the inclosure surrounding the elephant, and helped the two boys through the breach.

They followed without a word, somewhat frightened, but confiding in the little Providence in rags who had given them bread and promised a resting place.

A ladder, employed by some workmen in the square, was lying along the palings. Gavroche raised it with singular vigor and placed it against one of the elephant's fore legs.

At a point where the ladder ended, a sort of black hole could be distinguished in the body of the colossus. Gavroche pointed out the ladder and the hole, and said to his guests, "Mount and enter."

The two little boys looked at each other in terror.

"You are frightened, young ones!" exclaimed Gavroche; and added, "You shall see."

He clung around the elephant's wrinkled leg, and in a minute, without deigning to employ the ladder, he reached the hole, entered it like a lizard gliding into a crevice, and a moment afterwards the boys saw

his face like a livid spot at the edge of the hole, which was full of darkness.

"Well," he cried, "come up, my blessed babes; you will see how snug it is. Come up, you," he said, addressing the elder of the two. "I will hold your hand."

The little boys nudged each other, for Gavroche both frightened and reassured them; and then, it was raining very hard. The elder boy ventured, and the younger, seeing his brother going up, and himself left alone between the feet of the great beast, felt greatly inclined to cry; but he did not dare.

"Don't be frightened! that's it! keep on moving! set your foot there; now your hand here; bravo!"

When he was within reach, Gavroche quickly and powerfully seized him by the arm and drew him through the crevice.

"Swallowed!" he exclaimed. "Now," he added, "wait for me. Pray sit down, sir."

Leaving the hole as he had entered it, he slid down the elephant's trunk with the agility of a squirrel, seized the younger boy round the waist and planted him on the ladder. Then he began ascending behind him, shouting to the elder boy, "I'll push and you pull."

In a twinkling the little fellow was pushed up, dragged, pulled, drawn through the hole before he knew where he was; and Gavroche, entering after

him, kicked away the ladder, which fell on the grass, and clapping his hands, shouted, —

"Hurrah for General Lafayette!" This explosion over, he said, "Boys, you are in my house."

Gavroche was, in fact, at home. Unexpected utility of the useless! This huge moldering monument had become a shelter for a street boy. Many who passed by the Elephant of the Bastille would cast at it a contemptuous glance and say, "Of what use is this great ugly thing?" That great thing had its use. It served to save from cold, from frost, from rain, to preserve from sleeping in the mud and the snow, a little fatherless, motherless boy, without bread or shelter.

VICTOR HUGO.

[Translated and adapted by M. C. Pyle.]

THE RAINY DAY.

The day is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
The vine still clings to the moldering wall,
But at every gust the dead leaves fall,
And the day is dark and dreary.

My life is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
My thoughts still cling to the moldering past,
But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,
And the days are dark and dreary.

Be still, sad heart! and cease repining;
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;
Thy fate is the common fate of all,
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

AUTUMN ON THE RIVER.

suspense	unimaginable	gurgling
incessant	Souhegan	relieved
elements	Merrimac	apprehension

We lay awake long before daybreak, listening to the ripple of the river and the rustling of the leaves, in suspense whether the wind blew up or down the stream, was favorable or unfavorable to our voyage. We already suspected that there was a change in the weather, from a freshness, as of autumn, in these sounds.

The wind in the woods sounded like an incessant waterfall dashing and roaring amid rocks, and we even felt encouraged by the unusual activity of the elements. That night was the turning point of the season. We had gone to bed in summer, and we awoke in autumn; for summer passes into autumn at some unimaginable point of time, like the turning of a leaf.

We found our boat in the dawn just as we had left it, and as if waiting for us, there on the shore, in autumn, all cool and dripping with dew, and our tracks still fresh in the wet sand around it, the fairies all gone or concealed.

Before five o'clock we pushed it into the fog, and leaping in, at one shove we were out of sight of the

shores, and began to sweep downward with the rushing river, keeping a sharp lookout for rocks.

We could see only the yellow gurgling water, and a solid bank of fog on every side forming a small yard around us.

We soon passed the mouth of the Souhegan and the village of Merrimac, and as the mist gradually rolled away, we were relieved from the trouble of watching for rocks. And we saw by the flitting clouds, by the

first russet tinge on the hills, by the rushing river, by the cottages on the shore itself, so coolly fresh and shining with dew, and later in the day, by the hue of the grapevine, the goldfinch on the willow, and the flickers flying in flocks, — we saw that the Fall had commenced.

The cottages looked more snug and comfortable, and their inhabitants were seen only for a moment, and then went quietly in and shut the door, retreating inward to the haunts of summer.

> "And now the cold autumnal dews are seen
> To cobweb every green;
> And by the low-shorn rowens doth appear
> The fast declining year."

We heard the sigh of the first autumnal wind, and even the water had acquired a grayer hue. Sumach, grape, and maple were already changed, and the milkweed had turned to a deep, rich yellow.

In all the woods the leaves were fast ripening for their fall. Their full veins and lively gloss mark the ripe leaf, and not the seared ones of the poets; and we knew that the maples, stripped of their leaves among the earliest, would soon stand like a wreath of smoke along the edges of the meadows.

Already the cattle were heard to low wildly in their pastures and along the highways, restlessly running

to and fro, as if in apprehension of the withering grass and of the approach of winter.

Our thoughts, too, began to rustle.

HENRY DAVID THOREAU.

EVENING.

The evening comes, the fields are still.
The tinkle of the thirsty rill,
Unheard all day, ascends again;
Deserted is the half-mown plain,
Silent the swaths! the ringing wain,
The mower's cry, the dog's alarms,
All housed within the sleeping farms!
The business of the day is done,
The last-left haymaker is gone.
And from the thyme upon the height
And from the elder-blossom white
And pale dog-roses in the hedge,
And from the mint-plant in the sedge,
In puffs of balm the night air blows
The perfume which the day foregoes.
And on the pure horizon far,
See, pulsing with the first-born star,
The liquid sky above the hill!
The evening comes, the fields are still.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

THE END OF DAY. *Adan.*

THE TWO GIFTS.

peculiar	discussions	occasional
requests	materials	arrived
seldom	appropriate	offended
energy	directed	impressed

"Mother, I'm going to work Mr. Laurence a pair of slippers. He is so kind to me, I must thank him, and I don't know any other way. May I do it?" asked Beth.

"Yes, dear. It will please him very much, and be a nice way of thanking him. The girls will help you about them, and I will pay for the making," replied Mrs. March, — who took peculiar pleasure in granting Beth's requests, because she so seldom asked anything for herself.

After many serious discussions with Meg and Jo, the pattern was chosen, the materials bought, and the slippers begun. A cluster of grave yet cheerful pansies, on a deep purple ground, was pronounced very appropriate and pretty; and Beth worked away early and late, with occasional lifts over the hard parts.

She was a nimble little needlewoman, and the slippers were finished before any one got tired of them.

Then she wrote a very short, simple note, and,

with Laurie's help, got them smuggled on to the study table before the old gentleman was up.

When the excitement was over, Beth waited to see what would happen. All that day passed, and a part of the next, before any acknowledgment arrived, and she was beginning to fear she had offended her crotchety friend. On the afternoon of the second day, she went out to do an errand, and give poor Joanna, the invalid doll, her daily exercise.

As she came up the street, on her return, she saw three, yes, four, heads popping in and out of the parlor windows, and several hands were waved, and several joyful voices screamed: "Here's a letter from the old gentleman! Come quick and read it!" "O Beth, he's sent you —" began Amy, gesticulating with unseemly energy; but she got no farther, for Jo quenched her by slamming down the window.

Beth hurried on, in a flutter of suspense. At the door her sisters seized her and bore her to the parlor in a triumphal procession, all pointing, and all saying at once, "Look there! look there!"

Beth did look, and turned pale with delight and surprise; for there stood a little cabinet piano, with a letter lying on the glossy lid, directed, like a sign-board, to "Miss Elizabeth March."

"For me?" gasped Beth, holding on to Jo, and feeling as if she should tumble down, it was such an overwhelming thing altogether.

"Yes; all for you, my precious! Isn't it splendid of him? Don't you think he is the dearest old man in the world? Here's the key in the letter. We didn't open it, but we are dying to know what he says," cried Jo, hugging her sister, and offering the note.

"You read it! I can't, I feel so queer! Oh, it is too lovely!" and Beth hid her face in Jo's apron, quite upset by her present.

Jo opened the paper, and began to laugh, for the first words she saw were: —

"*Miss March:*

"*Dear Madam,* —"

"How nice it sounds! I wish some one would write to me so!" said Amy, who thought the old-fashioned address very elegant.

"'I have had many pairs of slippers in my life,

but I have never had any that suited me so well as yours,'" continued Jo. "'Heart's-ease is my favorite flower, and these will always remind me of the gentle giver. I like to pay my debts; so you will allow "the old gentleman" to send you something which once belonged to the little granddaughter he lost.

"'With hearty thanks and best wishes, I remain

"'Your grateful friend and humble servant,

"'JAMES LAURENCE.'"

"There, Beth, that's an honor to be proud of, I'm sure! Laurie told me how fond Mr. Laurence used to be of the child who died, and how he kept all her little things carefully. Just think, he's given you her piano! That comes of having blue eyes and loving music," said Jo, trying to soothe Beth, who trembled, and looked more excited than she had ever been before.

"See the cunning brackets to hold candles, and the nice green silk, puckered up, with a gold rose in the middle, and the pretty rack and stool, all complete," added Meg, opening the instrument and displaying its beauties.

"'Your humble servant, James Laurence'; only think of his writing that to you! I'll tell the girls. They'll think it is splendid," said Amy, much impressed by the note.

"Try it, honey. Let's hear the sound of the baby-pianny," said Hannah, who always took a share in the family joys and sorrows.

So Beth tried it; and every one pronounced it the most remarkable piano ever heard. It evidently had been newly tuned and put in apple-pie order. But, perfect as it was, I think the real charm of it lay in the happiest of all happy faces which leaned over it, as Beth lovingly touched the beautiful black and white ivory keys and pressed the bright pedals.

"You'll have to go and thank him," said Jo, by way of a joke; for the idea of the child's really going never entered her head.

"Yes, I mean to. I guess I'll go now, before I get frightened thinking about it." And, to the utter amazement of the assembled family, Beth walked deliberately down the garden, through the hedge, and in at the Laurences' door.

They would have been still more amazed if they had seen what Beth did afterward. If you will believe me, she went and knocked at the study door before she gave herself time to think; and when a gruff voice called out, "Come in!" she did go in, right up to Mr. Laurence, who looked quite taken aback, and held out her hand, saying, with a small quaver in her voice, "I came to thank you, sir, for—" but she didn't finish; for he looked so friendly that she forgot her speech, and only remem-

bering that he had lost a little girl he loved, she put both arms round his neck and kissed him.

If the roof of the house had flown off, the old gentleman wouldn't have been more astonished. But he liked it, — oh, dear, yes, he liked it amazingly! — and was so touched and pleased by that confiding little kiss that all his crustiness vanished; and he just set her on his knee, and laid his wrinkled cheek against her rosy one, feeling as if he had got his own little granddaughter back again.

Beth ceased to fear him from that moment, and sat there talking to him as cosily as if she had known him all her life; for love casts out fear, and gratitude can conquer pride.

When she went home he walked with her to her own gate, shook hands cordially, and touched his hat as he marched back again, looking very stately and erect, like a handsome, soldierly old gentleman, as he was.

LOUISA MAY ALCOTT.

DUTY.

So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man,
When Duty whispers low, *Thou must*,
The youth replies, *I can*.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

A DUTCH FARMER IN AMERICA.

thriving	boundaries	stronghold
piqued	abundance	situated
barrel	squadron	pigeons
flail	regiments	weather

Old Baltus van Tassel was a perfect picture of a thriving, contented, liberal-hearted farmer. He seldom, it is true, sent either his eyes or his thoughts beyond the boundaries of his own farm; but within those everything was snug, happy, and well-conditioned. He was satisfied with his wealth, but not proud of it; and piqued himself upon the hearty abundance rather than the style in which he lived.

His stronghold was situated on the banks of the Hudson, in one of those green, sheltered, fertile nooks in which the Dutch farmers are so fond of nestling. A great elm tree spread its broad branches over it; at the foot of which bubbled up a spring of the softest and sweetest water, in a little well formed of a barrel; and then stole sparkling away through the grass, to a neighboring brook that bubbled along among alders and dwarf willows.

Hard by the farmhouse was a vast barn that might have served for a church; every window and crevice of which seemed bursting forth with the treasures of the farm.

The flail was busily resounding within from morn-

ing till night; swallows and martins skimmed twittering about the eaves; and rows of pigeons — some with one eye turned up, as if watching the weather, some with their heads turned under their wings or buried in their bosoms, and others cooing and bowing about their dames — were enjoying the sunshine on the roof.

A stately squadron of snowy geese were riding in an adjoining pond, convoying whole fleets of ducks; regiments of turkeys were gobbling through the farmyard, and guinea fowls fretting about it, like ill-tempered housewives, with their peevish, discontented cry.

Before the barn door strutted the gallant cock, that pattern of a husband, a warrior, and a fine gentleman, clapping his burnished wings, and crowing in the pride and gladness of his heart; sometimes tearing up the earth with his feet, and then generously calling his ever hungry family of wives and children to enjoy the rich morsel which he had discovered.

It was one of those spacious farmhouses, with high-ridged, but lowly-sloping roofs, built in the style handed down from the first Dutch settlers; the low projecting eaves forming a piazza in front, capable of being closed in bad weather. Under this were hung flails, harness, various utensils of husbandry, and nets for fishing in the neighboring river.

Benches were built along the sides, for summer use; and a great spinning wheel at one end, and a churn at the other, showed the various uses to which this important porch might be devoted.

From this piazza the wondering Ichabod entered the hall, which formed the center of the mansion and the place of usual residence. Here rows of resplendent pewter, ranged on a long dresser, dazzled his eyes.

In one corner stood a huge bag of wool ready to be spun; in another a quantity of linsey-woolsey just from the loom; ears of Indian corn, and strings of dried apples and peaches, hung in gay festoons along the walls, mingled with the gaud of red peppers; and a door left ajar gave him a peep into the best parlor, where the claw-footed chairs and dark mahogany tables shone like mirrors; andirons, with their accompanying shovel and tongs, glistened from their covert of asparagus tops; mock oranges and conch shells decorated the mantelpiece; strings of various colored birds' eggs were suspended above it; a great ostrich egg was hung from the center of the room, and a corner cupboard, knowingly left open, displayed immense treasures of old silver and well-mended china.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

NOBODY'S CHILD.

Only a newsboy, under the light
Of the lamp post plying his trade in vain;
Men are too busy to stop to-night,
Hurrying home through the sleet and rain.
Never since dark a paper sold;
Where shall he sleep, or how be fed?
He thinks, as he shivers there in the cold,
While happy children are safe in bed.

Is it strange if he turns about
With angry words, then comes to blows,
When his little neighbor, just sold out,
Tossing his pennies, past him goes?
"Stop!" — some one looks at him, sweet and mild,
And the voice that speaks is a tender one:
"You should not strike such a little child,
And you should not use such words, my son!"

Is it his anger or his fears
That have hushed his voice and stopped his arm?
"Don't tremble," these are the words he hears;
"Do you think that I would do you harm?"
"It isn't that," and the hand drops down;
"I wouldn't care for kicks and blows;
But nobody ever called me son,
Because I'm nobody's child, I s'pose."

O men! as ye careless pass along,
Remember the love that has cared for you;
And blush for the awful shame and wrong
Of a world where such a thing could be true!
Think what the child at your knee had been
If thus on life's lonely billows tossed;
And who shall bear the weight of the sin,
If one of these "little ones" be lost!

PHŒBE CARY.

A LILY'S WORD.

"My delicate lily,—
Blossom of fragrant snow,
Breathing on me from the garden,—
How does your beauty grow?
Tell me what blessing the kind heavens give?
How do you find it so sweet to live?"

"One loving smile of the sun
Charms me out of the mold:
One tender tear of the rain
Makes my full heart unfold.—
Welcome whatever the kind heavens give,
And you shall find it as sweet to live."

LUCY LARCOM.

BÉBÉE'S BIRTHDAY.

Brabant	radiant	Laeken
peasant	starling	benediction
Scheldt	almonds	sympathy
Rhine	ribbon	embossed
burden	crutches	baptism

Bébée was a hard-working Brabant peasant girl; up while the birds twittered in the dark; to bed when the red sun sank beyond the far blue line of the plains.

She hoed, and dug, and watered, and planted her little plot; she kept her cabin as clean as a fresh-blossomed primrose; she milked her goat, and swept her floor.

She sat, all the warm days, in the town, selling her flowers, and in the winter time, when her garden yielded her nothing, she strained her sight over lace-making in the city to get the small bit of food that stood between her and that hunger which to the poor means death.

Now — when she woke to the full sense of her wonderful sixteen years — Bébée, standing barefoot on the mud floor, was as pretty a sight as was to be seen betwixt Scheldt and Rhine.

This wondrous morning, with the bright burden of her sixteen years upon her, she dressed herself quickly and fed her fowls, and, as happy as a bird, went to sit on her little wooden stool in the doorway.

Jules Breton.

THE SONG OF THE LARK.

There had been fresh rain in the night; the garden was radiant; the smell of the wet earth was sweeter than all perfumes that are burned in palaces. The dripping rosebuds nodded against her hair as she went out; the starling called to her — "Bébée, Bébée — good-day, good-day!"

These were all the words it knew. It said the same thing a thousand times a week. But to Bébée it seemed that the starling most certainly knew that she was sixteen years old that day.

Breaking her bread into the milk, she sat in the dawn and thought, without knowing that she thought it, "How good it is to live when one is young!"

Mother Krebs opened her door in the next cottage, and nodded over the wall: —

"What a fine thing to be sixteen! — a merry year, Bébée!"

Marthe, the carpenter's wife, came out from her gate, broom in hand: —

"The Holy Saints keep you, Bébée; why, you are quite a woman now!"

The little children of Varnhart, the charcoal burner, who were as poor as any mouse in the old churches, rushed out of their little home up the lane, bringing a cake stuck full of sugar and seeds, and tied round with a blue ribbon, that their mother had made that very week, all in honor of Bébée.

"Only see, Bébée! Such a grand cake!" they shouted, dancing down the lane. "Jules picked the plums, and Jeanne washed the almonds, and Christine took the ribbon off her own cap — all for you, all for you. But you will let us come and eat it too?"

Old grandmother Bishot, who was the oldest woman about Laeken, hobbled through the grass on her crutches and nodded her white shaking head, and smiled at Bébée.

Bébée ran out, breaking from the children, and knelt down in the wet grass, and bent her pretty sunny head to the benediction.

Trine, the miller's wife, the richest woman of them all, called to the child from the steps of the mill, — "A merry year, and the blessing of Heaven, Bébée! Come up, and here is my first dish of cherries for you. They will make you a feast with the cake."

Bébée ran up and then down again gleefully, with her lap full of big black cherries. Tambour, the old white dog, who had used to drag her about in his milk cart, leaping upon her in sympathy and congratulation.

"What a supper we will have!" she cried to the charcoal burner's children, who were turning somersaults in the dock leaves, while the swans stared and hissed.

An old man called to her as she went by his door. He was very old. He had been a day laborer in these

same fields all his years, and had never traveled farther than where the red mill sails turned among the colza and the corn.

"Come in, my pretty one, for a second," he whispered, with an air of mystery that made Bébée's heart quicken with expectancy. "Come in; I have something for you. They were my dead daughter's — you have heard me talk of her — Lisette, who died forty years ago, they say; for me, I think it was yesterday. The new mill was put up the week she died, and you call the new mill old; but my girl is young to me. Always young. Come here, Bébée."

Bébée went after him, a little awed, into the dusky interior, that smelt of stored apples and dried herbs that hung from the roof. There was a walnut-wood press, such as the peasants of France and the low countries keep their homespun linen in and their old lace that serves for the nuptials and baptisms of half a score of generations. The old man unlocked it with a trembling hand, and there came from it an odor of dead lavender and of withered rose leaves. On the shelves there were a set of girl's clothes, and a girl's shoes, and a girl's communion veil and wreath.

"They are all hers," he whispered; "all hers. And sometimes in the evening time I see her coming along the lane for them — do you not know? There is nothing changed; nothing changed.

"The grass, and the trees, and the huts, and the pond are all here. Why should she only be gone away?"

"Antoine is gone."

"Yes. But he was old; my girl is young."

He stood a moment, with the press door open, a perplexed trouble in his dim eyes.

"They say she would be sixty," he said, with a dreary little smile. "But that is absurd, you know. Why, she had cheeks like yours; and she would run — no lapwing could fly faster over corn. These are her things, you see; yes, — all of them. There is the sprig of sweetbrier she wore in her belt the day before the wagon knocked her down and killed her. I have never touched the things.

"But look here, Bébée; you are a good child, and true; and like her, just a little. I mean to give you her silver clasps. They were her great-great-grandmother's before her."

Bébée went out with the brave broad silver clasps about her waist, and the tears wet on her cheeks for a grief not her own.

But little Jean, the youngest of the charcoal burner's little tribe, running to meet her, screamed with glee, and danced in the gay morning.

"Oh, Bébée! how you glitter! Let me see — let me touch. Is it made of the stars or of the sun?"

And Bébée danced with the child, and the silver gleamed and sparkled, and all the people came running out to see, and the milk carts were half an hour late for town, and the hens cackled loud unfed, and the men even stopped on their way to the fields, and paused with their scythes on their shoulders, to stare at the splendid gift.

She was a little poet at heart, and should not have cared for such vanities; but when one is only sixteen, and has only a rough woolen frock, and sits in the market place or the lace room, with other girls around, how should one be altogether indifferent to a broad, embossed, beautiful shield of silver that sparkled with each step one took?

A quarter of an hour idle thus was all, however, that Bébée or her friends could spare at five o'clock on a summer morning, when the city was waiting for its eggs, its honey, its flowers, its cream, and its butter, and Tambour was shaking his leather harness in impatience to be off with his milk cans.

So Bébée, all holiday though it was, and heroine though she felt herself, ran indoors, put up her cakes and cherries, cut her two basketsful out of the garden, locked her hut, and went on her quick and happy little feet along the grassy paths toward the city.

LOUISE DE LA RAMÉ.

HUNTING THE HIPPOPOTAMUS.

prairie	approached	abounded
cautious	opposite	hippopotamus
assault	leopard	unwieldy
region	rapidity	incapable

It was night; the moon had just risen, and threw a strange glare on everything around. I was in the prairie, and had been there since ten o'clock in the morning, looking for wild beasts.

At last I saw five hippopotami grazing. I approached with cautious steps, or rather, I crawled on the ground toward the huge beasts, till I came near enough to see the shadows their immense bodies threw around them.

The question was how to get within gunshot without being seen. There was nothing to protect me from their view, for the grass had been burned; there was nothing, either, to protect me from their assault.

Supposing that I killed the one I should shoot at, the others might take it into their heads to charge upon me. Not a tree was within reach. Now, I had been so accustomed to hunt wild beasts that I was not afraid of any of them, but I knew that I could not kill five hippopotami at once.

Suddenly the animals turned round and gradually approached a grove of trees. But what was to be

done? the wind almost blew from that grove toward them! "At any rate, I will try," said I to myself, "to go there; but I must take a roundabout way." How careful I had to be in order not to be seen!

I felt very much excited, and when I reached the little island, or grove, of trees without being discovered, I was pleased with myself. It was, I thought, a splendid piece of woodcraft on my part.

I had reached the grove from the opposite side from where I supposed the hippopotami to be. The only sure way for me to come close to them was to go through the grove and wait until they should come within gunshot from the other side.

The trees were not very thick, and I could pass through the underbrush without making much noise. I thought, perhaps there was a leopard there, and if so, he would leap upon me before I was aware. It was just the time of night when leopards are out, and they abounded in that region. I therefore entered the woods, looking to the right and left ahead of me, in order not to be surprised; and I met several hippopotami tracks.

Just as I was in the midst of the grove I suddenly heard a great crash in the direction I was going. Then followed several other crashes coming from other parts. I listened; they were the hippopotami; they had entered the grove by several paths converging toward me.

I kept still. I do believe my hair must have stood up on my head, for I was awfully excited. The hippopotami were coming just where I was.

I cocked my gun, hid myself behind a big tree, and waited. I heard the crash of branches in all directions except one, and finally I saw the branches of the trees moving not far from me, and by the dim moonlight piercing through the not very thick foliage, I perceived a monster hippopotamus, the male of the herd, coming sideways so as to pass within a few yards of me.

Suddenly he stopped; gave one of his sonorous grunts, and then advanced. What a monster he was! what a huge body!.what short legs!

At last, just as he had passed me, so that he could not face me without turning his unwieldy body, I fired into his ear, and the monster dropped on the spot, with scarcely a struggle.

But I wish you had been with me to hear the rush of the others. I thought all the trees were coming down! One of the beasts in his fright came in my direction. I thought he was charging me, so I fired.

I heard the bullet strike some part of his body, probably one of his tusks, for it made a great noise; but that was all. He passed on with a rapidity of which I thought these beasts perfectly incapable. I was glad when they were all out of the way.

PAUL DU CHAILLU.

[Abridgment.]

HUNTING THE HIPPOPOTAMUS.

THE MAKING OF THE MUSIC.

"Make us a song, then, mother dear!
Sweet to think of, and sweet to sing,"
Said the little daughter and the little son;
Their lips were gay, and their eyes were clear—
"And let the song be an easy one,
Sweet to think of, and sweet to sing."

"Sweet to think of, and sweet to hear?
How shall I make it, children dear?
The night is falling, the winds are rough;
What will you give me to make it of?"

"No, mother dear, the winds are soft,
And the sky is blue and clear aloft,
And oh! we can give you things enough
To make the beautiful music of.

"We will give you the morning and afternoon,
We will give you the sun, and the full white moon;
You shall have all our prettiest toys,
And fields and flowers, and girls and boys.

"We will give you a bird, and a ship at sea,
And a golden cloud, and an almond tree,
A picture gay, a river that runs,
A chime of bells, and hot cross-buns.

"You may have roses, and rubies rare,
And silks and satins beyond compare,

Sir. Frederick Leighton.

MUSIC LESSON.

A scepter and crown, a queen, a king,
And beautiful dreams, and everything!
We will give you all that we think or know —
The song will be sweet if you make it so."

Then the mother smiled as she began
To make the music, and sweet it ran,
And easy enough for a strain or two;
And the children said, "Mother, the song will do!"

But soon the melody ran less clear;
There came a pause, and a wandering tear,
And a thought that went back many a year;
And the children fancied the music long,
And asked, "What have you put into the song
That we did not tell you, mother dear?"

WILLIAM BRIGHTY RANDS.

UNCLE JOE'S STORY.

Kapaniah	described	measured
preparations	Myugna	tendons
instance	unbelieving	breck
Nevvu	transparent	walrus

The Eskimo children have vacation all the time.

One day when I was watching them at play, the thought came into my mind, "What would these poor

little things think if they could see all the toys and games that our children have? What would they say to a Christmas tree all lighted?"

I was sorry, at first, that I thought of this, for Christmas was a sore subject to me. Oh, I did try to keep myself from thinking about Christmas!

So, when pictures came up before me, — for instance, the picture of my little sister and brothers taking down their stockings and pulling the things out, or of mother and all of them round the dinner table, or of the turkey and the plum pudding, — I shut my eyes tight, and shook my head as fast as I could. "Go 'way! Go 'way!" I said. "Joe doesn't want you!"

But my thoughts would keep running that way in spite of me. Santa Claus sent them, I guess, for the sake of the poor Eskimo children, that never heard even of hanging up stockings! And if he did, it must have been he that put the ridiculous notion into my head of getting up a Christmas tree for Kapaniah, Myugna, and the rest. I say ridiculous, because there wasn't a tree in the land, nor a candle, nor a shop, nor a toy; nor even a bit of twine, supposing I had presents, to tie them on with.

But just because the thing seemed impossible I made up my mind to set about it. From Oglik, and from these others, I had picked up Eskimo enough to talk a little; so that the first thing I did was to tell

Nevvu something about Christmas Day, and why it was kept. Then I described to her a Christmas tree. She did not even know there were such things as Christmas trees. And when I spoke of their growing higher than her husband and her cousin's husband would reach, standing one on top of the other, and then described the forests and the fruit trees, she shook her head and looked at me in an unbelieving way, as much as to say I had better hold my breath.

But the idea of something which should be a few feet high, something with branches and lights, and hung all over with pretty things for the children — that she understood. Because she was a mother, I suppose.

I began at once to make my preparations, while there was some little sunlight left to work by. The days grew shorter and shorter — four hours long, three hours long, two hours long, one hour long, half an hour long, till at last the sun only showed himself, and then set, to rise no more until the next spring.

In setting about this funny undertaking the first thing to be thought of was the tree. That I made by taking a bear's backbone and fastening to it for branches the spines and ribs of foxes. For strings I used tendons of these animals, and narrow strips of seal skin. These last were better for tying the branches to the trunk. Bunches of moss soaked in oil I thought would do for candles very well.

Next, presents. And here it must be confessed that I was, at first, really puzzled. For there were Petnetu's five boys, besides Kapaniah and Myugna, and the babies and Signa's grown-up girl Sennuh; and nowhere to go to buy anything.

"But, Joe," said I to myself (I liked to talk English sometimes), "Joe, there must be presents!" "Yes," said myself, answering back, "I know that, and there shall be presents. Let's begin with the girls." "Of course," said I.

Now, in thinking what present to give a small girl, a doll comes first to mind. So I made a doll; made it of seal skin, stuffed with moss, and dressed it exactly as Kapaniah herself was dressed, trousers, jumper, hood, and all.

My needle was a sharp bone, and my thread the tendons of animals. I tore off a quarter of my pocket handkerchief to cover its head with, and to give them some idea of a white child's face. I burned the point of a very slender bone and drew as delicate features as my skill allowed.

There being plenty of time in that country, I didn't hurry much, and the face when finished was quite pretty. But it was rather a sad piece of work, for, without meaning to, I found myself trying to draw the features of my little sister; and oh, it was bad for a poor homesick sailor to have his little sister's face so much in his mind!

When the doll was finished I hid it away in a hole I had scraped out in the snow under the "breck." For everything must be kept private from the children. Of course Nevvu had to see, but I charged her not to tell.

Sometimes I had to go off by myself and work in one of the little "haycocks," as I used to call them. Our hut was made of snow, and was shaped like a haycock. The bottom measured between three and four yards across, and in the center you could stand up straight. There were two smaller "haycocks" which let out of this, and into one of these I used to go and work; though sometimes we sent Kapaniah and Myugna to see their cousins.

The doll was for Kapaniah. For Myugna I made of another quarter of my pocket handkerchief a rag baby, and dressed it in long clothes, like babies at home. In Eskimo land they wrap them up in fox skins. My under jacket was lined with red flannel, and I took some of that for the rag baby's long clothes. When she was finished I laid her in a beautiful cradle, which I carved out of clear, transparent ice. In carving ice I found a heated bone a very handy tool.

Next I made some bone beads and strung up a necklace and bracelets for Sennuh. I also made for her a very pretty model of a church, with steeple and towers all cut in ice. I missed my jackknife

dreadfully. Most of the work had to be done with a piece of rusty iron hoop sharpened. Some years before, a cask had drifted ashore, and Nevvu's husband managed to get a couple of the hoops.

What could be contrived for the boys was the next question. Of course some noisy thing or other. After thinking it over awhile I made up my mind that Mellek should have a drum, Anato a trumpet, Luk a fife, and Oolooni a fiddle. For Osingo, the dumpling of a boy, I rigged a jumping jack.

The trumpet and the fife were made of hollow bones. The drum was made of seal skin, first wet, then shaped, then frozen. The ends, however, were of beaten fox skin. For drumsticks, walrus ribs.

The fiddle was easily managed. I took the shoulder blade of a walrus, which was quite hollow, and stretched over it part of a bear's bladder. The bridge was the breastbone of a snowbird. The strings were the intestines of a fox, and I made a fiddlestick with a lock of Nevvu's hair, fastened to a strip of whalebone.

But my greatest piece of work was the jumping jack. For its head I took the head of a frozen auk; for its hands and feet, fox paws. I never saw a funnier jumping jack in my life. When Nevvu first saw it she screamed right out loud for joy! I hid it under the "breck" and charged her to keep away

from there; but if left alone in the hut, she was sure to get hold of it and go to jerking the string.

I didn't know but I should have to go to making playthings for the fathers and mothers too! And as it occurred to me that they never saw a horse, or a cow, or a cart, or furniture of any kind, I went to work and put together some little chairs and tables. I made them of bones of birds. And afterward I modeled a small horse in snow. When he was finished, I passed a heated iron over the surface, then gave it a covering of fox hairs and froze them on.

I also did the cow in the same way. And after trying my hand over and over and over again, I made something which would give them an idea of a carriage. The horse and the cow looked more natural than any one would suppose.

Besides all these things, I made a lot of marbles for the boys. I even made alleys, some with red rings round them, and some quartered with red. The coloring matter was liver juice.

I was puzzled to know what to do for confectionery, but soon thought of the plan of making sugarplums, hearts, and kisses, of frozen tallow, as they have nothing that is any more like sugar. Then for sticks of candy I used frozen liver, cut in narrow strips. Hanging on the tree, these looked like sticks of hoarhound candy. I made for each

child one mammoth sugarplum, nearly the size of a pullet's egg, and spotted it red with liver juice. Tallow tastes as good to the Eskimo children as candy does to ours.

At last came the time for my great show. My tree stood four feet high, and was not at all a tree to be despised or laughed at. The branches were stiff, but then, they had the advantage of not being weighed down by the presents. I hung icicles in various places; the little church was placed on the tiptop at first, and made a very pretty appearance. Afterward I put that, and the ice cradle with the rag baby in it, on the floor under the tree, where they would keep cold. I took care not to place any of the moss candles near the confectionery.

When everything was ready I let the older people in, and placed them just inside the little "haycocks," but with their heads out, so that they might see what was going on. Signa put her baby into her boot and there it stayed, its head peeping over the top. It didn't seem to hinder her walking about at all.

Ashunki and Sennuh crept in next, and then the children. I couldn't help laughing to see their heads popping up one after the other. To get in they had to creep through a tunnel in the snow four yards long, and then over a hummock at the entrance.

At first there was a dead calm. They were too confounded to speak a word. I said to myself that

one look at those staring faces paid me for all my trouble; though I wanted no pay, for the trouble was a pleasure.

My tree was as brilliant as any tree I ever saw. I won't except one. There were plenty of moss candles, and they did give a splendid light. The icicles glittered, and the red-spotted sugarplums looked gay enough!

Kapaniah looked her doll full in the face, and spoke to it as if it were alive, and then put it in her hood, with its face over her left shoulder — where her mother carried her baby. This brought down the house! The older ones were delighted with everything. Such an uproarious time as it was! The drummer drummed, the fifer fifed, and the trumpeter trumpeted!

Lastly, the refreshments were passed round. Great pains had been taken to provide the delicacies of the season; namely, bears' paws and deer's marrow bones. To get these last, Ashunki stayed out one hundred and forty-four hours! I took great pride in passing round my scalloped cakes, hearts, and rounds, made of frozen tallow. My confectionery was received with screams of joy, and was encored. They sucked it down, licked their fingers, and looked over their shoulders for more. "Poor things!" thought I. "Alas, you will never taste anything sweeter than tallow!" But they liked it.

When all was over, and each family quietly asleep in its own hut, I found myself wide awake. Cruelly wide awake, I might say. For, hard as I had tried to keep my thoughts of home away, they did come.

So I wandered out into the starlight all alone, turned my face to the south, and let myself imagine all about them there. I wished them each a merry Christmas, and prayed that they might be kept alive and in health. Coming away, I threw a kiss to my dear little sister, and thought, "Who knows but some northern gale may blow it straight upon her cheek!"

ABBY MORTON DIAZ.

A CHILD'S DREAM OF A STAR.

strolled	companion	solitary
constant	drooped	beaming
gambol	patient	avenues
grieved	entrance	glorified

There was once a child, and he strolled about a good deal, and thought of a number of things. He had a sister, who was a child too, and his constant companion. The two used to wonder all day long. They wondered at the beauty of the flowers; they wondered at the height and blueness of the sky; they wondered at the depth of the bright water;

they wondered at the power of God who made the lovely world.

They used to say to one another, sometimes, supposing all the children upon earth were to die, would the flowers, and the water, and the sky, be sorry? They believed they would be sorry. For, said they, the buds are the children of the flowers, and the little playful streams that gambol down the hillsides are the children of the water; and the smallest bright specks playing at hide and seek in the sky all night must surely be the children of the stars; and they would all be grieved to see their playmates, the children of men, no more.

There was one clear shining star that used to come out in the sky before the rest, near the church spire, above the graves. It was larger and more beautiful, they thought, than all the others, and every night they watched for it, standing hand in hand at the window. Whoever saw it first, cried out, "I see the star!" And often they cried out both together, knowing so well when it would rise, and where. So they grew to be such friends with it, that, before lying down in their beds, they always looked out once again, to bid it good night; and when they were turning round to sleep, they used to say, "God bless the star!"

But while she was still very young — oh, very, very young — the sister drooped, and came to be so

weak that she could no longer stand in the window at night; and then the child looked sadly out by himself, and when he saw the star, turned round and said to the patient, pale face on the bed, "I see the star!" and then a smile would come upon the face, and a little weak voice used to say, "God bless my brother and the star!"

And so the time came, all too soon! — when the child looked out alone, and when there was no face on the bed; and when there was a little grave among the graves, not there before; and when the star made long rays down toward him, as he saw it through his tears.

Now, these rays were so bright, and they seemed to make such a shining way from earth to heaven, that when the child went to his solitary bed, he dreamed about the star; and dreamed that, lying where he was, he saw a train of people taken up that sparkling road by angels. And the star, opening, showed him a great world of light, where many more such angels waited to receive them.

All these angels, who were waiting, turned their beaming eyes upon the people who were carried up into the star; and some came out from the long rows in which they stood, and fell upon the people's necks, and kissed them tenderly, and went away with them down avenues of light, and were so happy in their company, that, lying in his bed, he wept for joy.

But there were many angels who did not go with them, and among them one he knew. The patient face that once had lain upon the bed was glorified and radiant, but his heart found out his sister among all the host.

His sister's angel lingered near the entrance of the star, and said to the leader among those who had brought the people thither, "Is my brother come?"

And he said, "No."

She was turning hopefully away, when the child stretched out his arms, and cried, "O sister, I am here! Take me!" and then she turned her beaming eyes upon him, and it was night; and the star was shining into the room, making long rays down toward him as he saw it through his tears.

From that hour forth, the child looked out upon the star as on the home he was to go to, when his time should come; and he thought that he did not belong to the earth alone, but to the star, too, because of his sister's angel gone before.

CHARLES DICKENS.

The busy world shoves angrily aside
The man who stands with arms akimbo set,
Until occasion tells him what to do;
And he who waits to have his task marked out
Shall die and leave his errand unfulfilled.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

SUNSET.

Slowly, slowly up the wall
Steals the sunshine, steals the shade;
Evening damps begin to fall,
Evening shadows are displayed.
Round me, o'er me, everywhere,
All the sky is grand with clouds,
And athwart the evening air
Wheel the swallows home in crowds.
Shafts of sunshine from the west
Paint the dusky windows red;
Darker shadows deeper rest
Underneath and overhead.
Darker, darker, and more wan,
In my breast the shadows fall;
Upward steals the life of man,
As the sunshine from the wall.
From the wall into the sky,
From the roof along the spire;
Ah! the souls of those that die
Are but sunbeams lifted higher.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

A RILL FROM THE TOWN PUMP.

scrub	capers	Endicott
yield	antiquity	beards
elderly	pavement	goblet
decanter	sagamores	communion

Who next? Oh, my little friend, you are let loose from school, and come hither to scrub your blooming face, and drown the memory of certain taps of the ferule and other schoolboy troubles, in a draught from the Town Pump. Take it, pure as the current of your young life. Take it, and may your heart and tongue never be scorched with a fiercer thirst than now!

There, my dear child, put down the cup, and yield your place to this elderly gentleman, who treads so tenderly over the stones that I suspect he is afraid of breaking them.

What! he limps by without so much as thanking me, as if my hospitable offers were meant only for people who have no wine cellars.

Well, well, sir — no harm done, I hope. Go, draw the cork, tip the decanter; but when your great toe shall set you a-roaring, it will be no affair of mine. If gentlemen love the pleasant titillation of the gout, it is all one to the Town Pump.

This thirsty dog, with his red tongue lolling out, does not scorn my hospitality, but stands on his hind legs, and laps eagerly out of the trough.

See how lightly he capers away again. Jowler, did your worship ever have the gout?

Are you all satisfied? Then wipe your mouths, my good friends, and while my spout has a moment's leisure, I will delight the town with a few historical reminiscences.

In far antiquity, beneath a darksome shadow of venerable boughs, a spring bubbled out of the leaf-strown earth, in the very spot where you now behold me on the sunny pavement. The water was as bright and clear, and deemed as precious as liquid diamonds.

The Indian sagamores drank it from time immemorial, till the fearful deluge of fire water burst upon the red men, and swept their whole race away from the cold fountains.

Endicott and his followers came next, and often knelt down to drink, dipping their long beards in the spring. The richest goblet then was of birch bark. Governor Winthrop, after a journey afoot from Boston, drank here, out of the hollow of his hand.

The elder Higginson here wet his palm, and laid it on the brow of the first town-born child.

For many years it was the watering place, and, as it were, the wash bowl of the vicinity, whither all decent folks resorted, to purify their visages and gaze at them afterward — at least the pretty maidens did — in the mirror which it made.

On Sabbath days, whenever a babe was to be baptized, the sexton filled his basin here, and placed it on the communion table of the humble meeting-house which partly covered the site of yonder stately brick one. Thus one generation after another was consecrated to heaven by its waters, and cast their waxing and waning shadows into its glassy bosom, and vanished from the earth, as if mortal life were but a flitting image in a fountain.

Finally, the fountain vanished also. Cellars were dug on all sides, and cartloads of gravel flung upon its source, whence oozed a turbid stream, forming a mud puddle at the corner of two streets. In the hot months, when its refreshment was most needed, the dust flew in clouds over the forgotten birthplace of the waters, now their grave. But, in the course of time, a town pump was sunk into the source of the ancient spring; and when the first decayed, another took its place — and then another, and still another — till here stand I, gentlemen and ladies, to serve you with my iron goblet.

Drink, and be refreshed! The water is pure and cold as that which slaked the thirst of the red sagamore beneath the aged boughs, though now the gem of the wilderness is treasured under these hot stones, where no shadow falls but from the brick buildings.

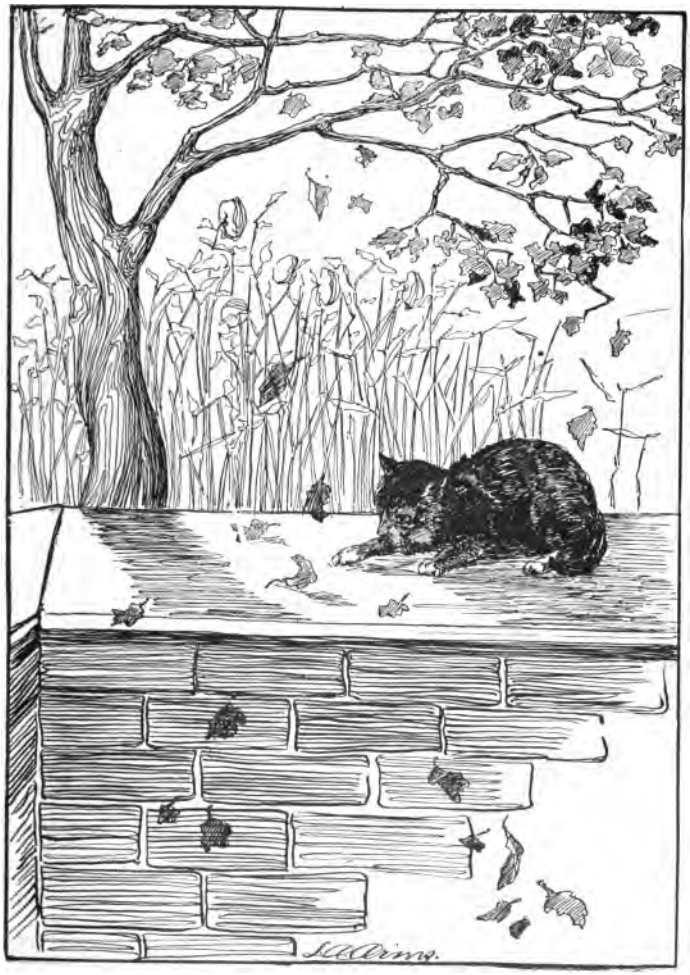
NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

THE KITTEN AND FALLING LEAVES.

See the kitten on the wall,
Sporting with the leaves that fall,
Withered leaves — one — two — and three —
From the lofty elder tree.
Through the calm and frosty air
Of this morning, bright and fair,
Eddying round and round they sink
Softly, slowly: one might think,
From the motions that are made,
Every little leaf conveyed
Sylph or Fairy hither tending, —
To this lower world descending,
Each invisible and mute,
In his wavering parachute.

— But the Kitten, how she starts,
Crouches, stretches, paws, and darts!
First at one, and then its fellow,
Just as light and just as yellow;
There are many now — now one —
Now they stop and there are none.

What intenseness of desire
In her upward eye of fire!
With a tiger leap halfway
Now she meets the coming prey,
Lets it go as fast, and then



Has it in her power again;
Now she works with three or four,
Like an Indian conjurer;
Quick as he in feats of art,
Far beyond in joy of heart.
Were her antics played in the eye
Of a thousand standers-by,
Clapping hands with shout and stare,
What would little Tabby care
For the plaudits of the crowd?
Over happy to be proud,
Over wealthy in the treasure
Of her own exceeding pleasure.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

THE SCOTCH COLLIE.

guardian	collie	obscured
shepherd	buried	fantastic
mountainous	altered	assumed
arrested	obstacle	rescuer

There is no dog like the Scotch collie for a sheep guardian. He knows every sheep in the flock, and can separate them from those of other flocks should they have strayed.

Should they be buried in snowdrifts, he will discover them by his sense of smell, and help his master in extricating them.

During that terrible winter of 1880, I saw a shepherd, his collie, and some sheep they had rescued.

The white outlines of the mountainous country were not only obscured, but totally altered, by the fantastic snowdrifts, which assumed such unexpected forms that an apparently solid bank might be only a thin bridge which spanned a crevice, a fall into which was certain death.

Nor was this all the danger. It might be thought that the shepherd need only retrace the tracks which he and his dog had made. But those tracks did not exist, for the fierce wind circled round and round, wherever its current was arrested by any obstacle, caught up the snow in a cloud of white powder, and finally let it settle into the most extraordinary and

all but incredible series of pinnacles, trenches, banks, and walls, not one of which was in the least in accordance with the natural customs of the country.

So, after having acted as rescuer, the collie was taking the part of guide, and was tracing out the slight sheep path which lay beneath the snow, and which was so deeply buried that no human eye could have discovered it.

A more curious sight I never witnessed. There was the steep side of the mountain, all covered with snow, shaped into the fantastic devices which have already been mentioned. Nearly half-way up it were the dog, the sheep, and the shepherd, all walking in Indian file, and all looking equally black against the white snow.

I mention the dog first, because he was the only one who seemed to have any spirit in him. The sheep crawled slowly and feebly along, the shepherd was plowing his way through the snow, bending forward against the wind, his plaid wrapped tightly about him, and his bonnet pulled over his eyes.

But the dog was full of life and spirit, every now and then almost disappearing in the deep snow, and then emerging as lively as ever.

J. G. Wood.

He is happiest who finds peace in his home.

Goethe.

ZAANDAM IN HOLLAND.

landscape	uncle	grotto
delicious	villa	cascade
paradise	Zaandam	exactly
pavilions	balustrades	diminutive

Every one remembers the first landscape he painted as a child, when his father or his uncle gave him a long-expected box of colors. Usually we wish to paint some delicious place, such as we dream of in school while we doze over the last Latin lesson toward the end of the month of June.

To make this spot really delightful we attempt to put in a tiny space a villa, a garden, a lake, a wood, a meadow, a kitchen-garden, a river, a bridge, a grotto, a cascade; and we crowd them all together; and that nothing shall escape the eye of the spectator, we paint everything in the brightest, gaudiest colors in the box; and when all is finished we fancy we have not taken advantage of every bit of space.

And we stick a house here, a tree there, and a cottage at the bottom; and when at last it is no longer possible to put in even a blade of grass, a stone, or a flower, we lay down our brush quite satisfied with the work, and run to show it to the servant, who clasps her hands in wonder and exclaims that it is truly an earthly paradise.

Well, Zaandam, seen from the river, is exactly like one of those landscapes.

All the houses are green, and the roofs are covered with the reddest of red tiles, on which rise turrets which are green, too, surmounted by many-colored weathercocks or by striped wooden balls placed on iron poles; little towers crowned with balustrades and pavilions; buildings in the form of temples and villas; sheds and hovels, of a structure never seen before, crowded closely against each other and seeming to dispute the space, all vanity and show.

In the midst of these buildings are little streets, hardly wide enough for one person to pass through, squares as narrow as rooms, courtyards little bigger than a table, canals down which only a duck could swim, and in front, between the houses and the banks of the river, are childish little gardens full of huts, chicken-houses, arbors, railings, toy windmills and weeping willows.

In front of these gardens, on the banks of the river, are little ports full of little green boats tied to little green posts.

In the midst of this medley of gardens and sheds very high windmills rise on every side. These are also painted green and striped in white, or painted white and bordered with green. Their arms are painted like flagstaffs, and are gilded and ornamented with circles of many shades.

SCENE IN HOLLAND.

There are green steeples, varnished from the bottom to the top — churches that look like booths at a fair, checkered and bordered in every tint of the rainbow.

But the strangest thing of all is that the buildings, which are small enough at the entrance to the river, decrease in size as one proceeds, as if the population were distributed according to their height, until at the end there are sentinel boxes, hen-coops, mouse-traps, — a real human beehive, where children look like giants and the cats jump from the pavement to the roof.

Here, however, there still are gardens; but the garden is entirely filled by one bench, a summer-house capable of holding one person only; pavilions as large as umbrellas, weeping willows, little staircases, diminutive windmills, weathercocks, flowers, and color.

"Is this really the serious work of men?" one asks one's self in front of this spectacle. Is this really a city? Will it be here next year? Has it not, rather, been built for a festival, and next week will it not be all pulled down and piled up in the warehouse of some Amsterdam decorator?

EDMONDO DE AMICIS.

SUNSET IN THE SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS.

The western waves of ebbing day
Rolled o'er the glen their level way;
Each purple peak, each flinty spire,
Was bathed in floods of living fire.
But not a setting beam could glow
Within the dark ravine below,
Where twined the path, in shadow hid,
Round many a rocky pyramid,
Shooting abruptly from the dell
Its thunder-splintered pinnacle;
Round many an insulated mass,
The native bulwarks of the pass,
Huge as the tower which builders vain
Presumptuous piled on Shinar's plain.
The rocky summits, split and rent,
Formed turret, dome, or battlement,
Or seemed fantastically set
With cupola or minaret,
Wild crests as pagod ever decked,
Or mosque of Eastern architect.
Nor were those earth-born castles bare,
Nor lacked they many a banner fair;
For, from their shivered brows displayed,
Far o'er the unfathomable glade,
All twinkling with the dewdrops sheen,
The brier-rose fell in streamers green,

And creeping shrubs, of thousand dyes,
Waved in the west-wind's summer sighs.
Boon nature scattered, free and wild,
Each plant or flower, the mountain's child.
Here eglantine embalmed the air,
Hawthorn and hazel mingled there;
The primrose pale and violet flower
Found in each cliff a narrow bower;
Foxglove and nightshade, side by side,
Emblems of punishment and pride,
Grouped their dark hues with every stain
The weather-beaten crags retain.
With boughs that quaked at every breath,
Gray birch and aspen wept beneath;
Aloft, the ash and warrior oak
Cast anchor in the rifted rock;
And, higher yet, the pine tree hung
His shattered trunk, and frequent flung,
Where seemed the cliffs to meet on high,
His boughs athwart the narrowed sky.
Highest of all, where white peaks glanced,
Where glistening streamers waved and danced,
The wanderer's eye could barely view
The summer heaven's delicious blue;
So wondrous wild, the whole might seem
The scenery of a fairy dream.

WALTER SCOTT.

ROSE AND ALICE AT THE FARM.

detain	nervous	simplicity
alert	symptoms	negligence
prudent	rudely	incommoded
clover	measure	imaginary

Nothing could long detain the children from the only city of a child's desire, a huge, old-fashioned barn. There is something in its homely simplicity, in its negligence, that puts them at ease.

No carpets hold them to caution; no furniture lords it over the freedom of their motions. No nervous people are incommoded by their noise. It is a very castle of liberty to them! They are unwatched and untutored. They are their own masters.

Mice squeak and quarrel in the bins and barrels. The old cat is roused by the symptoms, and lies alert, crouched, or glides eagerly in and out searching for her prey. Swallows fly in and twitter up and down about their nests plastered under the ridgepole. Flocks of hens come to the door, look in first with one eye, and then with the other, — each one calling "Cut-cut-cutarcut!" or else suppressing in her throat some remark not prudent to utter.

To-day, both doors, wide and high, stood wide open, leaving the floor clear through to the sunshine and fresh air. One mow was empty, waiting

for the new crop of hay soon to be cut. The other side held yet many tons, and furnished a spot for jumping and frolicking. With a wild outcry a hen flies off her nest. One would think she had been threatened, attacked, and every right rudely invaded! Instead of that she has only laid an egg. The

children run for it, — they search for others, — and, oh! joy of excitements! find a new nest with ten eggs in it!

They bear their treasure and triumph of discovery to the house with exultation. They race back again for their sport. Their bonnets are gone, their cheeks are flushed, everything is mirthful; they laugh at the gate, and laugh at the hens, and laugh at Spark, who is just now seized with the conviction that there

is a rat somewhere, and who is running wildly, all a-tremble with excitement, and fairly screaming at the dastardly rat, who has not the rat-hood to come forth and show himself openly, but meanly takes advantage of his hole.

They peer into the root cellar, and look timid, — it is so very dark, and a foul, damp air and a smell of old roots send them away. The grain room is more attractive. They measure oats, and climb up on the slippery ears of unshelled corn, which slide them down as fast as they scramble up. They get into the buggy, and lay a whip upon imaginary horses, and jounce up and down upon the springy seats, as if the road were very rough or the speed very great.

The well, too, calls them. It is an old-fashioned well, dug so many years ago that everybody has forgotten when. It is very deep. They peer over, and look down, and can see nothing; and both run away, and then laugh because they run.

It is noon. Ah, how clear the sky is! How sweet the air! How full of clover smell, great red clover, which spreads out just below, whole acres, and has drawn thither bees, and made them greedy with delight!

And now the horn blows. It is dinner time, twelve o'clock. "There is father!" cries Alice, and runs for him, and Rose hard after; and one is mounted on one shoulder and one on the other —

while Barton Cathcart, in tow pantaloons, barefoot, tanned, walks briskly, to let the girls see that ten years old can keep step with full-grown men.

And Papa Cathcart must wash his great head and tan-colored neck and short hair all over; and Barton Cathcart must wash his soiled hands and tanned face; and Rose and Alice must wash their red faces and white hands.

Then they all ate. The two hired men ate; and the man that hired them ate; and the boys and the girls ate; and even the dogs ate, snapping the morsels and scraps from time to time flung to them, and swallowing them so suddenly that it was as if they had been flung down a well.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

A SCOTCH FLOOD.

telescope	gleam	mentioned
violence	furzy	bewailing
activity	gable	neighborhood
exertions	cluster	overflowed

Among the poor people who were for a long time in danger was a man of the name of Sandy Smith, whose cottage stood upon a piece of furzy pasture, not far from one of the rivers which had overflowed their banks.

A great number of the inhabitants of the cottages, in the part of the country nearest to him, escaped early in the night of Monday to a large barn which stood on high ground; and others were received into a gentleman's house, where they were made as comfortable as circumstances would permit.

All of them thought that poor Sandy Smith would never be seen by them again, for his house was in a low situation, and already surrounded by water.

But, on looking in the direction of his cottage, they were very glad to see a distant gleam of light, which came from a candle placed in his cottage window. They, therefore, had lights placed in the windows of the gentleman's house just mentioned, in order that the poor people in the distant cottage might know that they were not forgotten, although it was impossible to get at them.

A dismal night had Sandy Smith in his cottage, in the midst of the waters. At break of day, the kind people who were looking out for him and his family, saw all the country laid under water, including many fields, which had the day before been beautiful with yellow wheat, green tops of turnips, and other crops; and the surface of the flood was strewed with trees and every kind of wreck from farms, and barns, and houses.

The heavy rain and the raging wind were yet continuing; the cattle were wandering about, and lowing

for want of their usual food, and crowds of distressed families were crying and bewailing themselves.

Afar off was seen the cottage of Sandy Smith — its roof like a speck above the water — and it was seen that the gable end had given way. With the help of a good telescope, the family were perceived to have left the cottage, and to be all huddled together on a small spot of ground not more than a few feet square, and forty or fifty yards distant from their ruined dwelling.

Sandy himself was seen, sometimes standing up and sometimes sitting on a small cask; he seemed to be watching the large trees that swept past him and his wife and children, and which threatened to sweep them away.

His wife was sitting on a bit of a log, covered with a blanket, having one child on her knee, and two leaning by her side. Close to them were about a score of sheep, a small horse, and three cows, all glad, like themselves, to stand on that little spot of dry land.

The greatest fear which those had who saw these poor people from distant houses, was, that the waters would gain upon them before any boat could be procured to bring them away. A lady in the neighborhood had, however, ordered her horses to be put to a boat, to drag it down to a convenient spot for being launched, and three bold men got into it, determined to save the lives of the poor people, if possible.

But to reach the house, and then to get to where Sandy and his family were waiting, was a task of no small labor and difficulty; for as the boat seemed to be going on fairly and well, it was more than once carried away by the currents that were to be crossed, and carried away with such violence that those on the shore thought the people in the boat would be lost.

The activity of the people in the boat was their only safety; and one of them whose name was Donald Munro, but who, on account of his dress, was that day called "Straw Hat and Yellow Waistcoat," gained much honor for his wonderful exertions. Sometimes he was at the head of the boat, and sometimes at the stern, not infrequently in the water up to the neck, and then again rowing with all his strength.

Before they reached the spot where Sandy and his family were standing in a cluster on their little spot of land, there were five raging currents to be passed. The moment the boat came to one of these, it was whirled away far down the stream; and when one current was passed, the men had to pull the boat up again all the way before they ventured to cross another.

The last current they had to cross was the worst; but Smith was so delighted to see the boat approaching, that he ran into the water to meet it, and helped

to drag it toward the spot whereon his wife and children were yet remaining. They were all safely placed in the boat, and carried back, with many difficulties, across all the currents to the shore.

THOMAS D. LAUDER.

Oh, silvery streamlet of the fields,
That flowest full and free!
For thee the rains of spring return,
The summer dews for thee;
And when thy latest blossoms die
In autumn's chilly showers,
The winter fountains gush for thee,
Till May brings back the flowers.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

THE BROOK.

I come from haunts of coot and hern,
I make a sudden sally,
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,
Or slip between the ridges,
By twenty thorps, a little town,
And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles,
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
With willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling,

And here and there a foamy flake
Upon me, as I travel
With many a silvery waterbreak
Above the golden gravel,

And draw them all along, and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
I slide by hazel covers;
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Among my skimming swallows;
I make the netted sunbeam dance
Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars
In brambly wildernesses;
I linger by my shingly bars;
I loiter round my cresses;

And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

Do the duty which lies nearest thee!
Thy second duty will already have become clearer.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

A BOY AND HIS BOOK.

attained	sensations	inspecting
increased	packet	similarity
acquired	motionless	resemble
arrant	compulsion	dormant

I had attained the age of six. I had increased rapidly in size and strength: the growth of the mind, however, by no means corresponded with that of the body. It is true, I had acquired my letters, and was by this time able to read imperfectly; but this was all.

I harbored neither wishes nor hopes. I took no pleasure in books, whose use, indeed, I could scarcely comprehend, and bade fair to be as arrant a dunce as ever brought the blush of shame into the cheeks of anxious and affectionate parents.

But the time was at hand when a world of sensations was to be awakened to which the mind of the child had hitherto been an entire stranger.

One day a young lady, an intimate acquaintance of our family, and godmother to my brother, drove up to the house in which we dwelt. She stayed some time conversing with my mother, and on rising to depart, she put down on the table a small packet, saying, "I have brought a little present for each of the boys: the one is a History of England, which I intend for my godson when he returns from school, the other is . . ." — and here she said something which escaped

my ear, as I sat at some distance, moping in a corner — "I intend for the youngster yonder," pointing to myself.

I remember sitting for some time motionless in my corner, with my eyes bent on the ground. At last I lifted my head and looked upon the packet as it lay on the table. A book of some description had been brought for me, a present by no means calculated to interest me. What cared I for books? I had already many into which I had never looked but from compulsion. Yet something within told me that my fate was connected with the book which had last been brought. So, after looking on the packet from my corner for a considerable time, I got up and went to the table.

The packet was lying where it had been left. I took it up. Had the wrapper been secured by a string or a seal, I should not have opened it; I should have considered such an act almost in the light of a crime. The books, however, had been merely folded up, and I therefore considered that there could be no possible harm in inspecting them. Whether the action was right or wrong — and I am afraid it was not altogether right — I undid the packet.

It contained three books; two, from their similarity, seemed to be separate parts of the same work. They were handsomely bound, and to them I first turned my attention. I opened them successively, and

endeavored to make out their meaning. Their contents, however, as far as I was able to understand them, were by no means interesting. Whoever pleases may read these books for me, and keep them, too, said I to myself.

I now took up the third book. It did not resemble the others, being considerably longer and considerably thicker; the binding was dingy calfskin. I opened it, and as I did so a strange thrill of pleasure shot through my frame.

The first object on which my eyes rested was a picture. A wild scene it was — a heavy sea and rocky shore, with mountains in the background, above which the moon was peering. Not far from the shore, upon the water, was a boat with two figures in it, one of which stood at the bow, pointing with a gun at a dreadful shape in the water. Fire was flashing from the muzzle of the gun, and the monster appeared to be transfixed. I almost thought I heard its cry.

I remained motionless, gazing upon the picture, scarcely daring to draw my breath lest the new and wondrous world should vanish of which I had now obtained a glimpse. "Who are these people, and what could have brought them into that strange situation?" I asked myself. And now the seed of curiosity, which had so long lain dormant, began to expand, and I vowed to myself to become speedily acquainted with the whole history of the people in the boat.

After looking on the picture till every mark and line in it were familiar to me, I turned over various leaves till I came to another engraving; a new source of wonder; a low sandy beach on which the furious sea was breaking in mountainous billows; cloud and rack deformed the firmament, which wore a dull and leaden-like hue; gulls and other aquatic fowls were toppling upon the blast, or skimming over the tops of the maddening waves.

"Mercy upon him! he must be drowned!" I exclaimed, as my eyes fell upon a poor wretch who appeared to be striving to reach the shore. He was upon his legs, but was evidently half smothered with the brine. High above him curled a horrible billow, as if about to ingulf him forever. "He must be drowned! he must be drowned!" I almost shrieked, and dropped the book.

I soon snatched it up again, and now my eye lighted on a third picture. Again a shore, but what a sweet and lovely one and how I wished to be treading it! There were beautiful shells lying on the smooth white sand; some were empty, like those I had occasionally seen on marble mantelpieces, but out of others peered heads and bodies of wondrous crayfish; a wood of thick green trees skirted the beach and partly shaded it from the rays of the sun, which shone hot above, while blue waves lightly crested with foam were gently curling against it.

There was a human figure upon the beach, wild and uncouth, clad in the skins of animals, with a huge cap on his head, a hatchet at his girdle, and in his hand was a gun. His feet and legs were bare; he stood in an attitude of horror and surprise; his body was bent far back, and his eyes, which seemed starting out of his head, were fixed upon a mark on the sand, a large, distinct mark, a human footprint.

Hail to thee, spirit of Defoe! What does my own self owe to thee! England has better bards than either Greece or Rome; yet I could spare them easier than Defoe.

The true chord had now been touched; a raging curiosity with respect to the contents of the volume, whose engravings had fascinated my eye, burned within me, and I never rested until I had fully satisfied it.

Weeks succeeded weeks, months followed months, and the wondrous book was my only study and principal source of amusement. For hours together I would sit poring over a page till I had become acquainted with the import of every line. My progress, slow enough at first, became by degrees more rapid, till at last I found myself cantering before a steady breeze over an ocean of enchantment, so well pleased with my voyage that I cared not how long it might be ere it reached its termination.

[Abridgment.] GEORGE BORROW.

ROBINSON CRUSOE.

stoic	barbarous	hazardous
majesty	equinox	apparition
shapeless	habitation	impression
buskins	divert	inclosure

PART I.

It would have made a stoic smile, to have seen me and my little family sit down to dinner. There was my majesty, the prince and lord of the whole island; I had the lives of all my subjects at absolute command. I could hang, draw, give life and liberty, and take it away, and no rebels among all my subjects.

Then, to see how like a king I dined, too, all alone,

attended by my servants! Poll, as if he had been my favorite, as the only person permitted to talk to me; my dog, which was now grown very old and crazy, sat always at my right hand; and two cats, one on one side of the table, and one on the other, expecting now and then a bit from my hand as a mark of special favor.

I had a great, high, shapeless cap, made of goat's skin, with a flap hanging down behind, as well to keep the sun from me, as to shoot the rain off from running into my neck; nothing being so hurtful in these climates as the rain upon the flesh under the clothes.

I had a short jacket of goatskin, the skirts coming down to about the middle of my thighs; and a pair of open-kneed breeches of the same. The breeches were made of goatskin. Stockings and shoes I had none; but I had made me a pair of—something, I scarce knew what to call them, like buskins, to flap over my legs, and lace on either side. These were of most barbarous shape, as indeed were all the rest of my clothes.

I had on a broad belt of goatskin, dried, which I drew together with two thongs of the same, instead of buckles; and in a kind of frog on either side of this, instead of a sword and dagger, hung a little saw and hatchet, one on one side, the other on the other.

ROBINSON CRUSOE.

I had another belt, not so broad, and fastened in the same manner, which hung over my shoulder; and at the end of it, under my left arm, hung two pouches, both made of goatskin, too; in one of these was my powder, in the other my shot.

At my back I carried my basket, on my shoulder my gun, and over my head a great, clumsy goatskin umbrella. This, after all, was the most necessary thing I had about me, next to my gun.

As for my face, the color of it was not really so mulatto-like as one might expect from a man not at all careful of it, and living within nine or ten degrees of the equinox.

My beard I had once suffered to grow till it was about a quarter of a yard long; but, as I had both scissors and razors sufficient, I had cut it pretty short, except what grew on my upper lip. That I had trimmed into a large pair of Mahometan whiskers, such as I had seen worn by some Turks whom I saw at Sallee.

ROBINSON CRUSOE, II.

As my country place was about half-way between my other habitation and the place where I had laid up my boat, I generally stayed and slept here on my way thither. I used frequently to visit my boat, and I kept all things about or belonging to her in very good order.

Sometimes I went out in her to divert myself, but no more hazardous voyages would I go, nor scarce ever above a stone's cast or two from the shore, I was so apprehensive of being hurried out of my knowledge again by the currents, or winds, or any accident.

But now I come to a new scene in my life.

It happened one day about noon, going towards my boat, I was exceedingly surprised with the print of a man's naked foot on the shore, which was very plain to be seen on the sand.

I stood like one thunderstruck, or as if I had seen an apparition. I listened, I looked around me; I could hear nothing, nor see anything. I went up to a rising ground to look farther. I went up the shore and down the shore; but I could see no other impression but that one.

I went again to see if there were any more, and to observe if it might not be my fancy. But there was no room for that, for there was exactly the very print of a foot,—toes, heel, and every part of a foot. How it came thither I knew not, nor could in the least imagine.

But after innumerable fluttering thoughts, like a man perfectly confused, and out of myself, I came home to my fortification, not feeling, as we say, the ground I went on. I was terrified to the last degree, looking behind me at every two or three steps, mistaking every bush and tree, and fancying every stump

at a distance to be a man. It is not possible to describe how many various shapes an affrighted imagination represented things to me in; how many wild ideas were formed every moment in my fancy, and what strange unaccountable whimsies came into my thoughts by the way.

When I came to my castle — for so I think I called it ever after this — I fled into it like one pursued. Whether I went over by the ladder, or went in at the hole in the rock, which I called a door, I cannot remember; for never frighted hare fled to cover, or fox to earth, with more terror of mind than I to this retreat.

I had no sleep that night. The farther I was from the occasion of my fright, the greater my apprehensions were. This is something contrary to the nature of such things, and especially to the usual practice of all creatures in fear. But I was so embarrassed with my own frightful ideas of the thing, that I formed nothing but dismal imaginations to myself, even though now I was a great way off.

I presently concluded that it must be some of the savages of the mainland over against me, who had wandered out to sea in their canoes, and, driven by the currents or by contrary winds, had made the island, and had been on shore, but were gone away again to sea, being as loth, perhaps, to stay in this desolate island, as I should have been to have had them.

I was very thankful in my thought, that I was so happy as not to be thereabouts at that time, or that they did not see my boat, by which they would have concluded that some inhabitants had been in the place, and so, perhaps, would have searched farther. — Then, terrible thoughts racked my imagination about their having found my boat, and that there were people here; and that, if so, I should certainly see them come, in great numbers, to devour me; that if it should happen so that they should not find me, yet they would find my inclosure, destroy all my corn, carry away all my flock of tame goats, and I should perish at last for mere want.

It came into my thoughts one day, that all this might be a mere chimera of my own, and that this foot might be the print of my own foot when I came on shore from the boat. This cheered me a little, and I began to persuade myself that it was all a delusion; that it was nothing else but my own foot.

Heartening myself, therefore, with this belief — that this was nothing but the print of one of my own feet — I began to go abroad again, and went to my country house to milk my flock.

As I went down thus two or three days, and having seen nothing, I began to be a little bolder, and to think there was really nothing but my own imagination. But I could not persuade myself fully of this

till I should go down to the shore again and measure this print of a foot by my own.

But when I came to the place: first, it appeared evident to me that when I had laid up my boat, I could not have been on shore anywhere thereabouts. Secondly, when I came to measure the mark with my own foot, I found my foot not so large by a great deal.

Both these things filled my head with new imaginations, so that I shook with cold, like one in ague; and I went home again, filled with the belief that some man or men had been on shore there; or, in short, that the island was inhabited, and I might be surprised before I was aware; and what course to take for security I knew not.

DANIEL DEFOE.

[Abridgment.]

THE SOLITARY ISLANDER.

I am monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute;
From the center all round to the sea,
I am Lord of the fowl and the brute.
O solitude! where are the charms
That sages have seen in thy face?
Better dwell in the midst of alarms,
Than to reign in this horrible place.

WILLIAM COWPER.

PHAËTHON.

Hephaistos	Helios	chariot
besought	Phaëthon	Clymene
tomb	Eos	quiverings
smitten	vapors	scorched

In the golden house which Hephaistos had wrought with his wondrous skill, Helios saw nothing fairer than his son Phaëthon; and he said to Clymene, the boy's mother, that no mortal child might be matched with him for beauty.

And Phaëthon heard the words, and his heart was filled with an evil pride. So he stood before the throne of Helios and said, "O father, who dwellest in the dazzling light, they say that I am thy child.

"But how shall I know it while I live in thy house without name and glory? Give me a token, that men may know me to be thy son."

Then Helios bade him speak, and promised to grant his prayer. And Phaëthon said, "I will guide thy chariot for one day through the high heaven. Bid The Hours make ready the horses for me, when Eos spreads her quivering light in the sky."

But the heart of Helios was filled with fear, and he besought his son, with many tears, to call back his words. "O Phaëthon, bright child of Clymene, for all thy beauty thou art mortal still; and the horses of Helios obey no earthly master."

But Phaëthon hearkened not to his words, and hastened away to the dwelling of The Hours, who guard the fiery horses. "Make ready for me," he said, "the chariot of Helios, for this day I go through the high heaven in the stead of my father."

The fair-haired Eos spread her faint light in the pale sky, and Lampetie was driving the cattle of Helios to their bright pastures, when The Hours brought forth his horses and harnessed them to the fiery chariot.

With eager hand Phaëthon seized the reins, and

the horses sped upon their way up the heights of the blue heaven. The heart of Phaëthon was full of fear and the reins quivered in his grasp.

Wildly and more madly sped the steeds, till at last they hurried from the track which led to the Hesperian land. Down from their path they plunged, and drew near to the broad plains of earth.

Fiercer and fiercer flashed the scorching flames. The trees bowed down their withered heads. The green grass shriveled on the hillsides. The rivers vanished from their slimy beds; and the black vapors rose with smoke and fire from the hidden depths of the mighty hills.

Then in every land the sons of men lay dying on the scorched and gaping ground. They looked up to the yellow sky, but the clouds came not. They sought the rivers and fountains, but no water glistened in their seething beds. And young and old, all lay down in madness of heart to sleep the sleep of death.

So sped the horses of Helios on their fiery wanderings. And Zeus looked down from his Thessalian hill and saw that all things on earth must die unless Phaëthon should be smitten down from his father's chariot.

Then the mighty thunders woke in the hot sky which mourned for the clouds that were dead. And the streams of lightning rushed forth upon Phaëthon,

and bore him far down beneath the waters of the green sea.

But his sisters wept sore for the death of bright Phaëthon. And the daughters of Hesperos built his tomb on the seashore, that all men might remember the name of the son of Helios and say, "Phaëthon fell from his father's chariot. But he lost not his glory, for his heart was set upon great things."

G. W. Cox.

THE BLIND TRAVELER.

Mechlin	summoned	plaintive
spacious	gradually	desolate
edifice	apparently	melancholy
deserted	confinement	enthusiasm

It was noonday in the town of Mechlin; the Sabbath bells had summoned the inhabitants to divine worship. The crowd that had loitered round the church of St. Rembauld had gradually emptied itself within the spacious aisles of the sacred edifice.

A young man was standing in the street, with his eyes bent on the ground, and apparently listening for some sound; for without raising his looks from the rude pavement, he turned to every corner of it with an intent and anxious expression of countenance.

He held in one hand a staff; in the other a long, slender cord, the end of which trailed on the ground.

Every now and then he called, with a plaintive voice, "Fido, Fido, come back! Why have you deserted me?"

Fido returned not. The dog, wearied of confinement, had slipped from the string, and was at play with other dogs in a distant quarter of the town, leaving the blind man to seek his way as he might to his solitary inn.

By and by a light step passed through the street, and the young stranger's face brightened.

"Pardon me," said he, turning to the spot where his quick ear had caught the sound, "and direct me, if you are not pressed for a few moments' time, to the hotel called The Golden Cap."

It was a young woman whom he thus addressed. "It is some distance hence, sir," said she; "but if you continue straight on for about a hundred yards, and then take the second turn to your right hand —"

"Alas!" interrupted the stranger with a melancholy smile, "your direction will avail me little; my dog has deserted me, and I am blind!"

There was something in these words, and in the stranger's voice, which went to the heart of the young woman.

"Pray, forgive me," she said, almost with tears in her eyes. "I did not perceive your —" misfortune, she was about to say, but she checked herself.

"Lean upon me; I will conduct you to the door. Nay, sir," observing that he hesitated, "I have time enough to spare, I assure you."

The stranger placed his hand on the young woman's arm. "Your voice is very gentle," said he, after a pause; "Are you a native of this town?" continued he.

"Yes, sir; my father holds a small office in the customs, and my mother and I help out his salary by making lace. We are called poor, but we do not feel it, sir."

"You are fortunate! There is no wealth like the heart's wealth, content," answered the blind man, mournfully.

"And you, sir," said Lucille, feeling angry with herself that she had awakened a natural envy in the stranger's mind, and anxious to change the subject — "and you, sir, have you been long at Mechlin?"

"But yesterday. I am passing through the Low Countries on a tour. Perhaps you smile at the tour of a blind man; but it is wearisome even to the blind to rest always in the same place.

"I thought during church time, when the streets are empty, that I might, by the help of my dog, enjoy safely at least the air, if not the sight, of the town; but there are some persons, I think, who cannot have even a dog for a friend."

The blind man spoke bitterly. The desertion of

his dog had touched him to the core. Lucille wiped her eyes. "And do you, then, travel alone?" said she. "Your father and your mother," she added, with an emphasis on the last word, "are they not with you?"

"I am an orphan!" said the stranger; "and I have neither brother nor sister."

The desolate condition of the blind man quite melted Lucille. Never had she been so strongly affected.

They had now passed into a narrow street leading toward the hotel, when they heard behind them the clatter of hoofs; and Lucille, looking hastily back, saw that a troop of the Belgian horse was passing through the town.

She drew her charge close by the wall, and, trembling with fear for him, she stationed herself by his side.

The troop passed at a full trot through the street. At the sound of their clanging arms, and the ringing hoofs of the heavy chargers, Lucille might have seen, had she looked at the blind man's face, that its sad features kindled with enthusiasm, and that his head was raised proudly from its wonted and melancholy bend.

"Thank Heaven!" she said, as the troop had nearly passed them, "the danger is over!" Not so. One of the last two soldiers who rode abreast was, unfortunately, mounted on a young and unmanageable horse.

The rider's oaths and digging spur only increased the fire and impatience of the charger: it plunged from side to side of the narrow street.

"Look to yourselves!" cried the horseman, as he was borne on to the place where Lucille and the stranger stood against the wall. "Are ye mad? Why do ye not run?"

"For Heaven's sake! for mercy's sake! He is blind!" cried Lucille, clinging to the stranger's side.

"Save yourself, my kind guide!" said the stranger. But Lucille dreamed not of such desertion.

The trooper wrested the horse's head from the spot where they stood. With a snort, as it felt the spur, the enraged animal lashed out with its hind legs. Lucille, unable to save *both*, threw herself before the blind man, and received the shock directed against him. Her slight and delicate arm fell broken by her side; and the horseman was borne onward.

"Thank God, you are saved!" was poor Lucille's exclamation: and she fell, overcome with pain and terror, into the arms of the stranger.

EDWARD BULWER LYTTON.

Yet the will is free;
Strong is the soul, and wise and beautiful;
The seeds of godlike power are in us still;
Gods are we, bards, saints, heroes, if we will.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

IN SCHOOL DAYS.

Still sits the schoolhouse by the road,
A ragged beggar sunning;
Around it still the sumachs grow,
And blackberry vines are running.

Within, the master's desk is seen,
Deep-scarred by raps official;
The warping floor, the battered seats,
The jackknife's carved initial;

The charcoal frescoes on its wall;
Its door's worn sill, betraying
The feet that, creeping slow to school,
Went storming out to playing!

Long years ago a winter sun
Shone over it at setting;
Lit up its western window panes,
And low eaves' icy fretting.

It touched the tangled golden curls,
And brown eyes full of grieving,
Of one who still her steps delayed
When all the school were leaving.

For near her stood the little boy
Her childish favor singled;
His cap pulled low upon a face
Where pride and shame were mingled.

Pushing with restless feet the snow
To right and left, he lingered; —
As restlessly her tiny hands
The blue-checked apron fingered.

He saw her lift her eyes; he felt
The soft hand's light caressing,
And heard the tremble of her voice,
As if a fault confessing.

"I'm sorry that I spelt the word:
I hate to go above you,
Because," — the brown eyes lower fell —
"Because, you see, I love you!"

Still memory to a gray-haired man
That sweet child-face is showing.
Dear girl! the grasses on her grave
Have forty years been growing!

He lives to learn, in life's hard school,
How few who pass above him
Lament their triumph and his loss,
Like her, — because they love him.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

No life
Can be pure in its purpose or strong in its strife
And all life not be purer and stronger thereby.

EDWARD ROBERT LYTTON.

BY THAMES WATER.

causeway	courser	phrase
responded	servitor	varlet
inspection	retainer	dagger
injudicious	revolt	vaulted

Down the broad stairway came a laughing group of young folks, and among them a fair-faced girl of sweet sixteen — the Lady Elizabeth, Princess of England, fresh from her hours of study with her wise old tutor, Master Roger Ascham.

"Oh, good Dame Sowerby," she cried, halting at her body-woman's side, "whose pony is it that fretteth and fumeth so by the causeway gate?"

"'Tis our lord the King's new hobby, Saladin, your Grace," responded the Dame, "brought here for his Majesty's inspection, and but barely broken, so sayeth Master Perkins, the groom."

"Ah, but he's a beauty, is he not, Dame?" the girl exclaimed; "how I would like to ride him once! I do believe I can."

"The saints forbid!" exclaimed the startled Dame Sowerby. "Thou ride Saladin? Why, my gracious lady, 'twould be thy certain death!"

"Did I not ride my brother's courser, Black Richard?" asked the Princess, proudly.

"Ay, that didst thou," said Perkins, the groom; but — Heaven save your ladyship! — Black Richard

hath seen both trial and service, and this young hobby, Saladin, scarce knoweth whip or spur."

"And surely such horse work passeth lady's skill, Princess, and so young a maid as thou would not dare to try the feat."

Thus spake Mistress Varney, a very superior young lady of fifteen. But it was an injudicious speech.

"Not dare! Not dare to ride Saladin!" broke out the young Princess, hotly. "Who sayeth 'dare not' to the daughter of my father?" And the spirit of her imperious father, King Henry the Eighth of England, flamed in the maiden's eyes.

"Thou shalt eat thy words, Mistress Varney, ere thou sleep to-night;" and before the startled group could fathom her intent, the Princess Elizabeth, with a foreshadowing of the same determination that marked her later years as England's maiden queen, burst past them all, and with scarce a stop leaped lightly from the mounting-block to the dappled hobby's back, and seized the bridle-rein.

Saladin, already restive under the hated curb, started with a shiver of surprise as he felt this light but sudden weight added to the saddle that crossed his back. He tossed his head angrily, and tearing his bridle free from Diccon, the horse-boy, sent that astonished young servitor sprawling to the ground, and, wheeling quickly, dashed through the gate and down the causeway to Thames Water.

A cry of horror broke from the terror-stricken throng, and no man knew what to do. Then through the causeway gate of the palace raced lord and lady, boy and girl, groom, servant, and retainer, filled with dread and doubt, while the plucky Princess cast backward a look, half fear, half triumph, as still firm in the saddle she sped on her mad ride.

And now, though Saladin had, as we say, taken the bit in his teeth, a sharp tug at the bridle threw his head around, and suddenly he wheeled and galloped back again straight through the causeway gate, scattering man and maid as he flew past them all.

In through the gate he dashed, but maddened by the shouts and by the persistence with which his light but provoking burden stuck to his back, he shied to the left, and with a sudden and mighty bound he cleared the low river wall and leaped into the Thames Water flowing there beneath the palace towers.

"Saints in heaven!" cried Dame Sowerby, "my fair mistress is lost! Help!" she shouted; "help and rescue for the Princess Elizabeth, drowning in Thames Water!" and while terror and confusion swayed the troubled throng, the door of the palace swung open and a clear young voice sounded above the din: "What meaneth this noise and rout? Are the commons in revolt, or hath a too-valorous mouse frightened the lords and ladies of our sister's court?"

The speaker was a slight, boyish-looking youth of scarce fourteen; of pleasant and gentle face, now slightly flushed with the curiosity and fun that prompted his words. A violet velvet suit slashed with purple and silver cased his trim young form, and a spotless plume gleamed beneath his velvet bonnet.

Scant time was there for courtly phrase or ceremony.

"Oh, dear young majesty!" cried the terrified body-woman; "the Princess; the Princess; see—see! she's in the river!"

Down the broad stairway sprang the now startled King. "My sister drowning," he burst out, "and no man of ye striving to save her? How now, varlets, cowards! will ye let the girl sink before your eyes? Where is she?"

"There, there, my lord," cried Perkins, the groom. "She *would* mount Saladin, and the hobby broke and leaped the river wall ere we had wit or warranty to stay him, and the barge lieth far down the palace stairs."

"Cease your prate and pull out the barge quick," said the King, "while I essay what ye have neither head nor heart to do."

Then with his ready dagger he cut Black Richard's tether-gear, vaulted to the courser's back, and almost in an instant had leaped him over the river wall into swift Thames Water.

Elizabeth, holding tightly to Saladin's mane, saw her brother and cried out to him, "Help, help, dear Edward; I will hold on till thou come!" and though Saladin, half swimming, half floundering as he was, had become altogether unmanageable, the brave girl still clung to his neck and waited for her rescuer.

But now Black Richard, startled by his sudden plunge, became unmanageable too, and the boy-king, though a cool and fearless rider, had great effort to guide him aright. At last, borne on by the current and by his partial success in managing his restless horse, young Edward reached his sister's side.

"Hold thou fast; hold thou fast, Elizabeth," he cried, "while I seize thy bridle and guide Saladin

ashore," and as he spoke he clutched at and caught the hobby's bridle-rein.

The brave lad had now a double duty — to guide two unruly horses and fight the force of the current. It was a man's work, and mighty work at that; and the boy's hand, tiring with his efforts, could barely keep the beasts in check.

"Oh, Edward, I can hold on no longer!" moaned the poor girl; "help, help, I am sinking fast!"

"Quick, Bess, spring to Black Richard's back; spring ere thy strength doth fail, and I will let Saladin go!" and he pressed nearer his sister's side.

"Oh, I cannot, I cannot!" she cried; "I have no strength left."

"Spring, spring, I tell thee! 'Tis thy only chance," her brother persisted.

The brave young maiden tried to obey, but her strength was not equal to the task. Exhausted and despairing, she missed her spring, and sank from her brother's sight. A new cry of horror went up from wall and causeway, and the men in the royal barge plied their oars with vigor, hoping now only to save the King.

Edward dropped Saladin's bridle; and the hobby, free from this restraint, swam down the river till he was fished out at the causeway steps far below the palace.

The sinking Princess soon rose to the surface, but the King's watchful eye saw that she was fully twenty strokes away. Could he reach her in time? "On, on, Richard!" he urged his black horse, and the courser, now grown more manageable, swam swiftly down the stream.

But, just as he reached the maiden's side, the drowning Princess sank a second time. Then, without a moment's hesitation, the heroic boy drew foot free from the stirrup, rose to the courser's back, and with a splendid "header," dived after the sinking girl.

It was a moment of terrible suspense. Edward, the King of England, and the Princess Elizabeth, his possible successor to the crown, were both drowning in Thames Water in sight of a hopeless and helpless court.

A trim young head rises above the ripples.

"'Tis he; 'tis he; the King lives!" shouted Perkins, the groom.

"And see — and see!" cried the trembling Dame Sowerby, "he has the Princess safe, thank God!"

A great and mighty shout rent the air as the brave lad rose to the surface clutching his rescued sister, whom by sharp eyesight and good fortune he had spied and caught up as he dived down. Clasping her tightly with one arm, with the other he swam towards his horse.

"So, Richard; good Richard," he called; "come, sir; come close, dear horse," and the noble animal, steadying himself against the rushing current, swam straight toward the struggling boy.

And now with clever though almost nerveless arm he flung the drooping Princess across Black Richard's back and, clambering after, grasped the bridle with his left hand and, holding his sister with his right, guided the horse ashore.

"Look to the Princess," he said. "Sweet Sister Temperance," — for so he often called her — "hath had a sorry ride."

ELBRIDGE S. BROOKS.

THE THREE LITTLE KINGBIRDS.

thrasher	preened	absorbed
pewee	elaborate	emotions
shrubbery	accent	subsided
restless	arrival	appetite

Midsummer was at hand. The voices of young birds were heard on every side. The young thrasher and the robin chirped in the grove; sweet bluebird and pewee baby cries came from the shrubbery; the golden-wing leaned far out of his oaken walls, and called from morning to night. Hard-working parents rushed hither and thither, snatching, digging, or drag-

ging their prey from every imaginable hiding-place. It was woeful times in the insect world, so many new hungry mouths were to be filled.

All this life seemed to stir the young kings: they grew restless; they were late. Their three little heads, growing darker every day, bobbed this way and that; they changed places in the nest; they thrust out small wings; above all and through all, they violently preened themselves. In fact, this elaborate dressing of feathers was their constant business for so long a time that I thought it no wonder the grown-up kingbird pays little attention to his dress; he does enough pluming in the nursery to last a lifetime.

On the twelfth day of their little life, the young birds added their voices to the grand world-chorus in a faint "che-up," delivered with a kingbird accent; then, also, they began to sit up calmly, and look over the edge of the nest at what went on below, quite in the manner of their fathers.

Two days later, the first little king mounted the walls of his castle, fluttered his wings, and apparently meditated the grand plunge into the world outside of home. So absorbed was he in his new emotions that he did not see the arrival of something to eat, and put in a claim for his share as usual. I thought he was about to bid farewell to his birthplace.

But I did not know him. Not till the youngest of

the family was ready to go did he step out of the nest, — the three were inseparable. While I waited, expecting every moment to see him fly, there was a sudden change in the air, and very shortly a furious storm of wind and rain broke over us. Instantly every young bird subsided into the nest, out of sight; and in a few minutes their mother came and gave them the protection of her presence.

Several days were spent by the oak-tree household in shaking out the wings, taking observations of the world, dressing the feathers, and partaking of luncheon every few minutes. Such a nestful of restlessness I never saw; the constant wonder was that they managed not to fall out. Often the three sat up side by side on the edge, white breasts shining in the sun, and heads turning every way with evident interest.

The dress was now almost exactly like the parents'. No speckled bib, like the bluebird or robin infant's, defaces the snowy breast; no ugly gray coat, like the redwing baby's, obscures the beauty of the little kingbird's attire. He enters society in full dress.

But each day, now, the trio grew in size, in repose of manner, and in strength of voice; and before long they sat up hours at a time, patient, silent, and ludicrously resembling "three wise men of Gotham who went to sea in a bowl." In spite of their grown-up looks and manners, they did not lose their appetite; and from breakfast, at the unnatural hour of half-past

four in the morning, till a late supper, when so dark that I could see only the movement of feeding like a silhouette against the white clouds, all through the day, food came to the nest every two minutes or less.

Think of the work of those two birds! Every mouthful brought during those fifteen and a half hours required a separate hunt. They usually flew out to a strip of low land, where the grass was thick and high. Over this they hovered with a beautiful motion, and occasionally dropped an instant into the grass. The capture made, they started at once for the nest, resting scarcely a moment. There were between three and four hundred trips a day, and of course that number of insects were destroyed.

Even after the salt bath, which one bird took always about eleven in the morning, and the other about four in the afternoon, they did not stop to dry their plumage; but simply passed the wing feathers through the beak, paying no attention to the breast feathers, which often hung in locks, showing the dark part next the body, and so disguising the birds that I scarcely knew them when they came to the nest.

OLIVE THORNE MILLER.

Great deeds cannot die;
They, with the sun and moon, renew their light
Forever, blessing those that look on them.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

TRAVEL.

I should like to rise and go
Where the golden apples grow;
Where below another sky
Parrot islands anchored lie,
And, watched by cockatoos and goats,
Lonely Crusoes building boats;
Where in sunshine reaching out
Eastern cities, miles about,
Are with mosque and minaret
Among sandy gardens set,
And the rich goods from near and far
Hang for sale in the bazaar;
Where the Great Wall round China goes,
And on one side the desert blows,
And with bell and voice and drum,
Cities on the other hum;
Where are forests, hot as fire,
Wide as England, tall as a spire,
Full of apes and cocoanuts
And the negro hunters' huts;
Where the knotty crocodile
Lies and blinks in the Nile,
And the red flamingo flies
Hunting fish before his eyes;
Where in jungles, near and far,
Man-devouring tigers are,

CAMEL CARAVAN.

Lying close and giving ear
Lest the hunt be drawing near,
Or a comer-by be seen
Swinging in a palanquin;
Where among the desert sands
Some deserted city stands,
All its children, sweep and prince,
Grown to manhood ages since,
Not a foot in street or house,
Not a stir of child or mouse,
And when kindly falls the night,
In all the town no spark of light.
There I'll come when I'm a man
With a camel caravan;
Light a fire in the gloom
Of some dusty dining room;
See the pictures on the walls,
Heroes, fights, and festivals;
And in a corner find the toys
Of the old Egyptian boys.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

Dreams, books, are each a world; and books, we know,
Are a substantial world, both pure and good.
Round these, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,
Our pastime and our happiness will grow.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

JON OF ICELAND.

incurred	volcano	guidance
indicated	deposited	unaware
crater	ingenuity	spectral
extinct	memory	exposure

[Jon Sigurd is a boy fourteen years of age. His father is a small farmer. The boy has been permitted to lead the flock of sheep to a very distant point, for pasturage. He has now left his flock, temporarily, to seek fresh fields for them.]

It was an exciting, a wonderful day in his life, and Jon never forgot it. He never once thought of the danger he incurred. Instead of fear, he was full of a joyous, inspiring courage; he sang and shouted aloud, as some new peak or ridge of hills arose far in front, or some other peak, already familiar, went out of sight far behind him.

He scarcely paused to eat or rest, until nearly twelve hours had passed and he had walked fully thirty miles. By that time the sun was low in the west, and barely visible through the gathering haze. The wind moaned around the rocks with a dreary, melancholy sound, and only the cry of a wild swan was heard in the distance.

To the north the mountains seemed higher, but they were divided by deep gaps which indicated the commencement of valleys. There, perhaps, there might be running streams, pastures, and the dwellings of men.

Jon had intended to return to his flock on the morrow, but now the temptation to press onward for another day became very great. His limbs, however, young and strong as they were, needed some rest; and he speedily decided what to do next.

A lighter streak in the rocky floor of the plain led his eye toward a low, broken peak — in reality, the crater of a small extinct volcano — some five miles off, and lying to the right of what he imagined to be the true course. On the left there were other peaks, but immediately in front nothing which would serve as a landmark. The crater, therefore, besides offering him some shelter in its crevices, was decidedly the best starting-point, either for going or returning.

The lighter color of the rock came from some different mixture in the lava of an old eruption, and could be easily traced throughout the whole intervening distance. He followed it rapidly, now that the bearings were laid down, and reached the ruins of the volcano a little after sunset.

There was no better bed to be found than the bottom of a narrow cleft, where the winds, after blowing for many centuries, had deposited a thin layer of sand.

Before he lay down, Jon arranged a line of stones pointing toward the light streak across the plain, and another line giving the direction of the valleys to the northward. To the latter he added two short, slanting lines at the end, forming a figure like an arrow-

head; and then, highly satisfied with his ingenuity, lay down in the crevice to sleep.

But his brain was so excited that for a long time he could do nothing else than go over, in memory, the day's journey. The wind seemed to be rising, for it whistled like a tremendous fife through the rocky crevice; father and mother and Gudrid seemed to be far, far away, in a different land; he wondered at last whether he was the same Jon Sigurd who drove the sheep up the valley of the Thiörvä — and then, all at once, he stopped wondering and thinking, for he was too soundly asleep to dream even of a roasted potato.

How much time he passed in sleep he could never exactly learn; probably six to seven hours. He was aroused by what seemed to be icy-cold rats scampering over his face, and as he started and brushed them away with his hand, his ears became alive to a terrible roaring sound. He started up, alarmed, at first bewildered, then suddenly wide awake.

The cold feet upon his face were little streams of water trickling from above; the fearful roaring came from a storm — a hurricane of mixed rain, wind, cloud, and snow. It was day, yet still darker than the Arctic summer night, so dense and black was the tempest.

When Jon crept out of the crevice he was nearly thrown down by the force of the wind. The first thing he did was to seek the two lines of stones he had arranged for his guidance. They had not been

blown away, as he feared; and the sight of the arrow-head made his heart leap with gratitude to the Providence which had led him, for without that sign he would have been bewildered at the very start.

Returning to the cleft, which gave a partial shelter, he ate the greater part of his remaining store of food, fastening his thick coat tightly around his breast and throat, and set out on his desperate homeward journey, carefully following the lighter streak of rock across the plain.

He had not gone more than a hundred yards when he fancied he heard a sharp, hammering sound through the roar of the tempest, and paused to listen. The sound came rapidly nearer; it was certainly the hoofs of many horses. Nothing could be seen; the noise came from the west, passed to the front of Jon, and began to die away to the eastward.

His blood grew chilled for a moment. It was all so sudden and strange and ghostly that he knew not what to think; and he was about to push forward and get out of the region where such things happened when he heard, very faintly, the cry which the Icelanders use in driving their baggage-ponies. Then he remembered the deep gorge he had seen to the eastward before reaching the crater; the invisible travelers were riding toward it, probably lost and unaware of the danger.

This thought passed through Jon's mind like a

flash of lightning; he shouted with all the strength of his voice.

He waited, but there was no answer. Then he shouted again, while the wind seemed to tear the sound from his lips and fling it away — but on the course the hoofs had taken.

This time a cry came in return; it seemed far off because the storm beat against the sound. Jon shouted a third time, and the answer was now more distinct. Presently he distinguished words: —

"Come here to us!"

"I cannot," he cried.

In a few minutes more he heard the hoofs returning, and then the forms of ponies became visible through the driving snow-clouds. They halted, forming a semicircle in front of him; and then one of three dim, spectral riders, leaning forward, again called, "Come here!"

"I cannot," answered Jon again.

Thereupon another of the horsemen rode close to him and stared down upon him. He said something which Jon understood to be, "Erik, it is a little boy!" — but he was not quite sure, for the man's way of talking was strange. He put the words in the wrong places and pronounced them curiously.

The man who had first spoken jumped off his horse. Holding the bridle he came forward, and said, in good, plain Icelandic: —

"Why couldn't you come when I called you?"

"I am keeping the road back," replied Jon; "if I move, I might lose it."

"Then why did you call us?"

"I was afraid you had lost your way and might get into the chasm; the storm is so bad you could not see it."

"What's that?" exclaimed the first who had spoken.

Jon described the situation as well as he could, and the stranger at last said, in his queer, broken speech, "Lost way — we; can guide — you — know how?"

The storm raged so furiously that it was with great difficulty that Jon heard the words at all; but he thought he understood the meaning. So he looked the man in the face and nodded, silently.

"Erik — pony!" cried the latter.

Erik caught one of the loose ponies, drew it forward, and said to Jon: —

"Now mount and show us the way!"

"I cannot!" Jon repeated. "I will guide you; I was on my way already, but I must walk back just as I came, so as to find the places and know the distances."

"Sir," said Erik, turning to the other traveler, "we must let him have his will. It is our only chance of safety. The boy is strong and fearless,

and we can surely follow where he is willing to go alone."

"Take the lead, boy!" the other said; "more quick, more money!"

Jon walked rapidly in advance, keeping his eyes on the lighter colored streak in the plain. He saw nothing, but every little sign and landmark was fixed so clearly in his mind that he did not feel the least fear or confusion.

He could hardly see, in fact, the foremost of the ponies behind him, but he caught now and then a word as the men talked with each other. They had come from the northern shore of the island; they were lost, they were chilled, they were weary; their ponies were growing weak from hunger and exposure to the terrible weather; and they followed him, not so much because they trusted his guidance as because there was really nothing else left for them to do.

In an hour and a half they reached the first landmark; and when the men saw Jon examining the line of stones he had laid, and then striking off through the whirling clouds, they asked him no questions, but urged their ponies after him.

Thus several hours went by. Point after point was discovered, although no object could be seen until it was reached; but Jon's strength, which had been kept up by his pride and his anxiety, at last began to fail. The poor boy had been so long

exposed to the wind, snow, and icy rain that his teeth chattered in his head and his legs trembled as he walked.

About noon, fortunately, there was a lull in the storm; the rain slackened and the clouds lifted themselves so that one might see for a mile or more. He caught sight of the rocky corner for which he was steering, stopped, and pointed toward one of the loose ponies.

Erik jumped from the saddle and threw his arms around Jon, whose senses were fast vanishing. He felt that something was put to his lips, that he was swallowing fire, and that his icy hands were wrapped in a soft, delicious warmth.

In a minute he found that Erik had thrust them under his jacket, while the two others were bending over him with anxious faces. The stranger who spoke so curiously held a cake to his mouth, saying, "Eat — eat!" It was wonderful how his strength came back!

Very soon he was able to mount the pony and take the lead. Sometimes the clouds fell dense and dark around them, but when they lifted only for a second it was enough for Jon.

Men and beasts suffered alike, and at last Erik said: —

"Unless we get out of the desert in three hours we must all perish!"

Jon's face brightened. "In three hours," he exclaimed, "there will be pasturage and water and shelter."

He was already approaching the region he knew thoroughly, and there was scarcely a chance of losing the way. They had more than one furious gust to encounter — more than one moment when the famished and exhausted ponies halted and refused to move; but toward evening the last ridge was reached, and they saw below them, under a dark roof of clouds, the green valley basin, the gleam of the river, and the scattered white specks of the grazing sheep.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

THE GARRET.

rafters	patronage	capital
stained	pamphlets	nursery
sportive	palisade	junior
decrepit	mansion	forbidden

It is an old garret, with big brown rafters; and the boards between are darkly stained with the storms of fifty years. And as the sportive April shower quickens its flood, it seems as if its torrents would come dashing through the shingles upon your play.

But they will not; for you know that the old roof is strong, and that it has kept you for long years

from the rain and from the cold; you know that the hardest storms of winter will only make a little oozing leak, that trickles down, leaving homely brown stains.

It only seems a grand old place; and it is capital fun to search its corners, and drag out some quaint bit of furniture, with a leg broken, and lay a cushion across it, and fix up your reins upon the lion's claws of the feet, and then — gallop away!

And you offer sister Nelly a chance, if she will be good; and throw out very patronizing words to little Charley, who is mounted on a much humbler horse — to wit, a decrepit nursery chair — as he of right should be, since he is three years your junior.

. . . There is great fun in groping through a tall barrel of books and pamphlets, on the lookout for startling pictures; and there are chestnuts in the garret drying, which you have discovered on the ledge of the chimney; and you slide a few into your pocket, and munch them quietly, giving now and then one to Nelly, and begging her to keep silent — for you have great fear of its being forbidden fruit.

Old garrets have their stock of castaway clothes of twenty years gone by; and it is rare sport to put them on; buttoning in a pillow or two for the sake of good fulness; and then to trick out Nelly in some strange-shaped head-gear, and ancient brocade petti-

coat caught up with pins; and in such guise to steal cautiously downstairs, and creep slyly into the sitting-room, half afraid of a scolding, and very sure of good fun; trying to look very sober, and yet almost ready to die with the laugh that you know you will make.

. . . But you grow tired of this; you tire even of the swing, and of the pranks of Charley; and you glide away into a corner with an old dog's-eared copy of "Robinson Crusoe." And you grow heart and soul into the story, until you tremble for the poor fellow with his gun behind the palisade; and are yourself half dead with fright when you peep cautiously over the hill with your glass, and see the cannibals at their orgies around the fire.

Yet, after all, you think the old fellow must have had a capital time with a whole island to himself; and you think you would like such a time yourself, if only Nelly and Charley could be there with you.

But this thought does not come till afterward; for the time, you are nothing but Crusoe; you are living in his cave with Poll the parrot, and are looking out for your goats and man Friday.

You dream what a nice thing it would be for you to slip away some pleasant morning — not to York, as young Crusoe did, but to New York — and take passage as a sailor; and how, if they knew you were going, there would be such a world of good-bys;

and how, if they did not know it, there would be such a world of wonder!

. . . You would have better luck than even Crusoe; you would save a compass and a Bible, and stores of hatchets, and the captain's dog, and great puncheons of sweetmeats (which Crusoe altogether overlooked); and you would save a tent or two, and an American flag, and a small piece of cannon, which you could fire as often as you liked.

At night you would sleep in a tree — though you wonder how Crusoe did it — and would say the prayers you had been taught to say at home, and fall to sleep, dreaming of Nelly and Charley.

At sunrise, or thereabouts, you would come down, feeling very much refreshed; and make a very nice breakfast off of smoked herring and sea-bread, with a little currant jam, and a few oranges.

. . . After a long while, you fancy, a ship would arrive which would carry you back; and you count upon very great surprise on the part of your father and little Nelly, as you march up to the old family mansion, with plenty of gold in your pocket, and a small bag of cocoanuts for Charley, with a great deal of pleasant talk about your island far away in the South Seas.

DONALD G. MITCHELL.

[Abridgment.]

HOMEWARD BOUND. *T. Valenkamph.*

LITTLE JERRY, THE MILLER.

Beneath the hill you may see the mill
Of wasting wood and crumbling stone;
The wheel is dripping and clattering still,
But Jerry, the miller, is dead and gone.

Year after year, early and late,
Alike in summer and winter weather,
He pecked the stones and calked the gate,
And mill and miller grew old together.

"Little Jerry!" — 'twas all the same, —
They loved him well who called him so:
And whether he'd ever another name,
Nobody ever seemed to know.

'Twas "Little Jerry, come grind my rye";
And "Little Jerry, come grind my wheat";
And "Little Jerry" was still the cry,
From matron bold and maiden sweet.

'Twas "Little Jerry" on every tongue,
And so the simple truth was told;
For Jerry was little when he was young,
And Jerry was little when he was old.

But what in size he chanced to lack,
That Jerry made up in being strong;
I've seen a sack upon his back
As thick as the miller, and quite as long.

Always busy and always merry,
Always doing his very best,
A notable wag was Little Jerry,
Who uttered well his standing jest.

How Jerry lived is known to fame,
But how he died there's none may know;
One autumn day the rumor came
"The brook and Jerry are very low."

And then 'twas whispered, mournfully,
The leech had come, and he was dead;
And all the neighbors flocked to see;
"Poor Little Jerry!" was all they said.

They laid him in his earthy bed, —
His miller's coat his only shroud; —
"Dust to dust," the parson said,
And all the people wept aloud.

For he had shunned the deadly sin,
And not a grain of over-toll
Had ever dropped into his bin,
To weigh upon his parting soul.

Beneath the hill there stands the mill
Of wasting wood and crumbling stone;
The wheel is dripping and clattering still,
But Jerry, the miller, is dead and gone.

JOHN G. SAXE.

A HURRICANE.

entirely	commercial	aspect
propensity	speculations	verge
occurrence	earthquake	oval
instinctively	proximity	agitate

The weather was pleasant, and I thought it not warmer than usual at that season. My horse was jogging along quietly, and my thoughts were, for once at least in the course of my life, entirely engaged in commercial speculations.

I had forded Highland Creek, and was on the eve of entering a tract of bottom land, or valley, that lay between it and Canoe Creek, when suddenly I remarked a great difference in the aspect of the heavens. A hazy thickness overspread the country, and I for some time expected an earthquake; but my horse exhibited no propensity to stop and prepare for such an occurrence. I had nearly arrived at the verge of the valley, when I thought fit to stop near a brook, and dismounted to quench the thirst that had come upon me.

I was leaning on my knees, with my lips about to touch the water, when, from my proximity to the earth, I heard a distant murmuring sound of an extraordinary nature. I drank, however, and as I rose on my feet, looked toward the southwest, when I observed a yellowish oval spot, the appearance of which was quite new to me.

Millet.

A HURRICANE.

Little time was left me for consideration, as the next moment a smart breeze began to agitate the taller trees. It increased to an unexpected height, and already the smaller branches and twigs were seen falling in a slanting direction toward the ground. Two minutes had scarcely elapsed, when the whole forest before me was in fearful motion. Here and there, where one tree pressed against another, a creaking noise was produced, similar to that occasioned by the violent gusts which sometimes sweep over the country.

Turning instinctively toward the direction from which the wind blew, I saw, to my great astonishment, that the noblest trees of the forest bent their lofty heads for a while, and, unable to stand against the blast, were falling to pieces. So rapid was the progress of the storm, that before I could think of taking measures to insure my safety, the hurricane was passing opposite the place where I stood.

The tops of the trees were seen moving in the strangest manner, in the central current of the tempest, which carried along with it a mingled mass of twigs and foliage that completely obscured the view. Some of the largest trees were seen bending and writhing under the gale; others suddenly snapped across, and many, after a momentary resistance, fell uprooted to the earth.

The mass of branches, twigs, foliage, and dust that moved through the air was whirled onwards like a cloud of feathers, and, on passing, disclosed a wide space filled with fallen trees, naked stumps, and heaps of shapeless ruin which marked the path of the tempest.

This space was about a fourth of a mile in breadth, and to my imagination resembled the dried-up bed of the Mississippi, with its thousands of planters and sawyers strewed in the sand and inclined in various degrees. The horrible noise resembled the great cataract of Niagara, and, as it howled along in the track of the desolating tempest, produced a feeling in my mind which it is impossible to describe.

JOHN JAMES AUDUBON.

THE SOLITARY REAPER.

Behold her, single in the field,
Yon solitary Highland lass!
Reaping and singing by herself;
Stop here, or gently pass!
Alone she cuts and binds the grain,
And sings a melancholy strain.
Oh, listen! for the vale profound
Is overflowing with the sound.

No nightingale did ever chant
More welcome note to weary bands
Of travelers, in some shady haunt
Among Arabian sands:
Such thrilling voice was never heard
In springtime, from the cuckoo-bird,
Breaking the silence of the seas
Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings?
Perhaps the plaintiff numbers flow
For old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago:
Or is it some more humble lay,
Familiar matter of to-day?
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
That has been, and may be again?

Whate'er the theme, the maiden sang
As if her song could have no ending;
I saw her singing at her work,
And o'er her sickle bending;—
I listened — motionless and still;
And when I mounted up the hill,
The music in my heart I bore,
Long after it was heard no more.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

DEB.

I.

grocer	Androscoggin	alley
curve	testily	bruised
funeral	onions	frowning
dusk	Cluny	blinked

"I wonder," said Deb. And she did wonder, very much. What about? I think she hardly knew herself. She only knew that she wondered — and wondered.

All the world was a wonder — the great, soft, shining snowdrift that curled up against the fence opposite her window; the beautiful whirlpool that the snow made when the wind was up; the ice in the streets, and the little girls that tripped on it, and the little boys that didn't; the cross grocer who brought flour and beans into Brick Alley every morning; the pleasant baker who sometimes tossed her up a seed-cake through the window; the factory girls with the little pink bows on their nets, who strolled by in the evening after the mills were out, and laughed so that she could hear them quite plainly, or sang a little — and she could hear that quite plainly, too; the skies, when they made faces at her through the square top of the alley — gray and silver and blue faces, or flame-colored and gold faces, or black faces, or faces crowned all about with stars; the river, too, all that

she could see of it, and there was just a crack away between two houses, and a crack of slope that banked it in.

In winter the slope was shining white, and in summer it was shining green; and, as for the crack of a river, sometimes that was white, too, and sometimes it was green or purple or gray or blue; and sometimes it was as still as Deb herself. That was all she knew about the river. And so she wondered.

But most of all she wondered about the bells. The town was full of bells. There were bells in the streets, and bells, she had heard, to the mills; and bells, she thought, to the river, too; but all the bells that she knew about belonged to the grocer and the baker, and these she had never done much more than wonder at, after all, for they were two stories down the yard, and she was in her high-chair by the window.

Now this, you see, was why Deb wondered. She never got out of that high-chair by the window, except to get into her bed. And she never had been anywhere in all her life except into that chair and into bed. And she was fifteen years old.

The bed and the chair and the window were all that Deb had, except a mother, and she was busy and worried and hurried and sick and anxious and poor, very poor, and the room was full of children who could run out to see the bells and knew all about the

river, and never wondered; so, when she had put Deb out of her bed into her chair, or out of her chair into her bed, she thought no more about her.

Deb was not ugly to see — except for the curve in her shoulders, and her little soft, white, withered feet that hung down useless from her high-chair. In the face, Deb was not ugly at all to see. She had soft hair, and her cheeks were white and clean, and her eyes had grown so large and blue with fifteen years full of wonder, that if you were once to see them you never would forget them as long as you lived.

A young lady that I heard of never will forget them as long as she lives, and you shall hear about her presently.

In the daytime Deb shut her eyes and tried to think what it would be like to run about with children who did not wonder; to see streets, or a crowd, or a churchspire, or a funeral, or people going to a wedding, and other strange things of which the children who did not wonder talked to each other; and which, because her eyes were shut, she saw, or seemed to see, and yet always knew that she never saw them all.

At night she liked to open her eyes, and to lie with them open a long, late time, after the children who did not wonder were asleep. She liked best to open her eyes at night, because then the two things which she liked best happened, — the dark and the bells.

It seemed, indeed, that the darker it was, the more bells there were always. First, there were the mill-bells, in the early winter dusk; they rang very hard and very merrily, to let the factory girls go home to put the little pink bows upon their nets. Then there were church-bells; they rang very heavily and respectably to call people to the weekly prayer-meetings. Sometimes there were fire-bells, that shrieked at Deb out of a yellow sky and frightened her. At nine o'clock, when it was darkest, Deb heard the closest, pleasantest, awfullest bell of all.

This was the great Androscoggin bell, the largest in New England. Deb held her breath — every night she held her breath — to listen to this bell. It was more like a voice than a bell. Sometimes the little cripple thought it cried. Sometimes she thought it prayed. But she never heard it laugh. The streets, the river, the crowd, weddings, funerals, church spires, all the strange things that Deb saw in the daytime with her eyes shut, came, or seemed to come at night, when her eyes were open, and talk to her — but always prayed or cried, and never smiled — out of the great Androscoggin bell.

The solemn Androscoggin bell was ringing one noon, a little testily, when there was a knock at the door, and behind it a lady of whom I have heard. Deb was startled by the knock and frightened by the young lady. It was not often that visitors came to

Brick Alley, and it was still less often that Brick Alley had a visitor who knocked.

This was a young lady for whom Deb's mother did fine washing. Deb's mother wiped her hands and a chair, and the young lady sat down. She was a straight young lady with strong feet, and long brown feathers in her hat, and soft brown gloves upon her hands.

She had come, she said, with that Cluny set which she found she should need for a party this very night; indeed, she was in so much haste for it that she had hunted Deb's mother up; which was a matter of some difficulty, as she never had the least idea where she lived, before, and how crooked the stairs were; but the lace was very yellow — as she saw — and would she be sure to have it done by nine o'clock to-night? and —

And there, turning her head suddenly, the straight young lady saw poor crooked Deb in her high-chair, with wonder in her eyes.

"Dear me!" said the straight young lady.

"I wonder if I frighten her," thought Deb. But she only wondered, and did not speak.

"Is this your —"

"Yes," said Deb's mother, "the oldest. Fifteen. I'll try my best, ma'am, but I don't know as I ought to promise." She spoke in a businesslike tone, and turned the Cluny lace — a dainty collar and a pair of

soft cuffs — about in her hands, in a businesslike way. A breath of some kind of scented wood struck, in a little gust, against Deb's face. She wondered how people could weave sweet smells into a piece of lace, and if the young lady knew; or if she knew how much pleasanter it was than the onions that Mrs. McMahoney cooked for dinner, every day in the week but Sunday, upon the first floor. But it gave her quite enough to do to wonder, without speaking.

"Fifteen!" repeated the young lady, standing up very straight, and looking very sorry. "How long has she been — like — that?"

"Born so," said Deb's mother.

"But you never told me you had a crippled child!" The young lady said this quickly. "You have washed for me three years, and never told me that you had a crippled child!"

"You never asked me, miss," said Deb's mother.

The young lady made no reply. She came and sat down on the edge of Deb's bed, close beside Deb's chair. She seemed to have forgotten all about her Cluny lace. She took Deb's hand between her two soft brown gloves, and her long brown feathers drooped and touched Deb's cheek. Deb hardly breathed. The feathers and the gloves, and the sweet smells of scented woods, and the young lady's sorry, yes — such very sorry eyes! — were close to the high-chair.

"Fifteen years!" repeated the young lady, very low. "In that chair — and nobody ever — poor little girl, poor little girl!"

What was the matter with the straight young lady? All at once her bright brown feathers and her soft brown gloves grew damp in little spots. Deb wondered very much over the damp little spots.

"But you could ride!" said the young lady, suddenly.

"I don't know, ma'am," said Deb. "I never saw anybody ride but the grocer and the baker."

"You could be lifted, I mean," said the young lady, eagerly. "There is some one who lifts you?"

"Mother sets me generally," said Deb. "Once when she was very bad with a lame ankle, Jim McMahoney set me. He's first floor — Jim McMahoney."

"I shall be back here," said the young lady, still speaking very quickly, but speaking to Deb's mother now, "in just an hour. I shall come with an easy sleigh with warm robes. If you will have your daughter ready to ride with me, I shall be very much obliged to you."

II.

If all the blue of summer skies and the gold of summer sunlight and the shine of summer stars fell

down into your hands all at once, for you to paint scrap-books with, should you know what to say?

Into the poor little scrap-book of Deb's life the colors of heaven dropped and blinded her, on that bewildering, beautiful, blessed ride.

In just one hour the sleigh was there, with the easiest cushions, and the warmest robes, and bells, — the merriest bells! — and the straight young lady. And Jim McMahoney was there, and he carried Deb downstairs to "set" her. And her mother was there, and wrapped her all about in an old red shawl, for Deb had no "things" like other little girls. The young lady had remembered that, and had brought the prettiest little white hood that Deb ever saw, and Deb's face looked like a bruised day-lily bud between the shining wool; but Deb could not see that. . . .

The white horse pawed the snow and held up his head — Deb had never seen such a horse — and the young lady gathered the reins into her brown gloves, and the sleigh-bells cried for joy — how they cried! and away they went, and Deb was out of the alley in a minute, and the people of the alley hurrahed and hurrahed and hurrahed to see her go.

That bewildering, beautiful, blessed ride! How warm the little white hood was! how the cushions sank beneath her, and the fur robes opened like feathers to the touch of her poor, thin hands! How

the bells sang to her, and the snowdrifts blinked at her, and the icicles and the slated roofs, and sky, and people's faces smiled at her!

"What is the matter?" asked the young lady; for Deb drew the great gray wolf's-robe over her face and head; and sat so, for a minute, still and hidden. The young lady thought she was frightened.

"But I only want to cry a little!" said Deb's little smothered voice. "I must cry a little first!"

When she had cried a little, she held up her head, and the shine of her pretty white hood grew faint beside the shine of her eyes and cheeks. That bewildering, beautiful, blessed ride!

Streets and a crowd and church-spires were in it,—yes, and a wedding and a funeral, too; all that Deb had seen in her high-chair in the daytime, with her eyes shut, she saw in the sleigh on that ride, with her happy eyes wide open.

She sat very still. The young lady did not talk to her, and she did not talk to the young lady. They rode and they rode. The horse held up his head. It seemed to Deb that he was flying. She thought he must be like that awful, beautiful white horse in Revelation. She felt as if he could take her to Heaven just as well as not, if the young lady's brown gloves should only pull that way.

They rode and they rode. In and out of the

merry streets, through and through the singing bells, about and about the great church-spires, — all over and over the laughing town. They rode to the river, and the young lady stopped the white horse, so that Deb could look across, and up and down, at the shining stream and the shining bank.

"There's so much of it!" said Deb, softly, thinking of the crack of it that she had seen between two houses for fifteen years. For the crack seemed to her very much like fifteen years in a high-chair; and the long, broad-shouldered, silvered river seemed to her very much like this world about which she had wondered.

They rode to the mills, and Deb trembled to look up at their frowning walls, and to meet their hundred eyes, for the windows stared like eyes; but some of the girls who wore the little pink bows, and who knew her, came nodding to look down out of them, and she left off trembling to laugh; then in a minute she trembled again, for all at once, without any warning, the great Androscoggin pealed the time just over her head, and swallowed her up in sound. She turned pale with delighted terror, and then she flushed with terrified delight.

Did it pray? or cry? or laugh? Deb did not know. It seemed to her that if the white horse would carry her into the sound of that bell, she need never sit in a high-chair at a window again, but ride

and ride with the young lady. It seemed to her like forever and forever.

They turned away from Androscoggin without speaking, and rode and rode. Daylight dimmed and dusk dropped, and see! all the town blazed with lights. They rode and rode to see the lights. Deb could not speak — there were so many lights.

And still she could not speak when they rode into Brick Alley. . . . She was too happy to speak. She need never wonder any more. She could remember.

[Abridgment.] ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

TO A WATERFOWL.

Whither, midst falling dews,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly seen against the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean side?

There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast, —
The desert and illimitable air, —
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere,
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend,
Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet, on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart!

He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

It is a low benefit to give me something; it is a high benefit to enable me to do something of myself.

EMERSON.

THE ARCTIC NIGHT.

arctic	aurora	contracts
dreamland	borealis	spirit
imagination	cupola	vault
unchanging	shimmers	billows

Nothing more wonderfully beautiful can exist than the arctic night. It is dreamland, painted in the imagination's most delicate tints; it is color ethereal-ized. One shade melts into the other, so that you cannot tell where one ends and the other begins, and yet they are all there.

Is not all life's beauty high and delicate and pure like this night? Give it the brighter colors, and it is no longer beautiful.

The sky is like an enormous cupola, blue at the zenith, shading down into green, and then into violet at the edges.

Over the ice-fields there are cold violet-blue shadows, with lighter pink tints where a ridge here and there catches the last reflection of the vanished day. Up in the blue of the cupola shine the stars, speaking peace, as they always do — those unchanging friends.

In the south stands a large red-yellow moon, encir-cled by a yellow ring and light golden clouds floating on the blue background.

Presently the aurora borealis shakes over the vault of heaven its veil of glittering silver — changing now

to yellow, now to green, now to red. It spreads, it contracts again, in restless change; next it breaks into waving, many-folded bands of shining silver, over which shoot billows of glittering rays, and then the glory vanishes.

Presently it shimmers in tongues of flame over the very zenith, and then again it shoots a bright ray right up from the horizon, until the whole melts away in the moonlight, and it is as though one heard the sigh of a departing spirit.

FRIDTJOF NANSEN.

SAVED BY A SWAN.

sloop	tonnage	avoirdupois
keel	crystal	sauntered
craft	perceive	elevated
notch	affright	immersion

With my six months of pocket money, which I had saved for the purpose, I had succeeded in purchasing a full-rigged sloop, from an old fisherman, who had built her in his hours of leisure.

She was only six inches in length, by less than three inches in breadth of beam, and her tonnage would have been about half a pound avoirdupois. A small craft you will style her; but at that time, in my eyes, she was as grand as a three-decker.

I esteemed her too large for the duck-pond, and I resolved to go in search of a piece of water where she should have more room to exhibit her sailing qualities.

This I soon found in the shape of a very large pond — or lake, I should rather call it — where the water was as clear as crystal, and where there was usually a light breeze playing over the surface — just strong enough to fill the sails, and drive my little sloop along like a bird on the wing — so that she often crossed the pond before I myself could get round to the other side to receive her into my hands again.

Upon this little lake there was at that time a flock of swans — six, if I remember aright — besides other waterfowl of rare kinds. The boys took great delight in feeding these pretty creatures; and it was a common thing for one or another of us to bring pieces of bread and toss them to the waterfowl.

For my part I was very fond of this little piece of extravagance; and whenever I had the opportunity, I came up to the lake with my pockets crammed.

The fowls, and especially the swans, under this treatment had grown so tame that they would eat out of our hands, without exhibiting the slightest fear of us.

There was a particular way of giving them their food in which we took great delight. On one side of the lake there was a bank that rose three feet or so above the surface of the water.

Here the pond was deep, and there was no chance for either the swans, or any other creature, to land at this place without taking to wing. The bank was steep, without either shelf or stair to ascend by. In fact, it rather hung over than shelved.

At this point we used to meet the swans, that were always ready to come when they saw us; and then, placing the piece of bread in the split end of a rod, and holding it out high above them, we enjoyed the spectacle of the swans stretching up their long necks, and occasionally leaping upward out of the water to snatch it,— just as dogs would have done. All this, you will perceive, was rare fun for boys.

One day, I had proceeded to the pond, carrying my sloop with me as usual. It was at an early hour; and on reaching the ground, I found that none of my companions had yet arrived. I launched my sloop, however; and then walked around the shore to meet her on the opposite side.

There was scarcely a breath of wind, and the sloop sailed slowly. I was therefore in no hurry, but sauntered along at my leisure. On leaving home I had not forgotten the swans, which were my great pets. I had brought their allowance along with me; and on reaching the high bank, I halted to give it to them.

All six, who knew me well, with proud arching necks and wing slightly elevated, came gliding rapidly across the pond to meet me; and in a few sec-

onds they arrived under the bank, where they moved about with upstretched beaks, and eyes eagerly scanning my movements. They knew I had called them thither to be kind to them.

Having procured a slight sapling and split it at the end, I placed a piece of bread in the notch, and proceeded to amuse myself with the maneuvers of the birds.

One piece after another was snatched away from the stick, and I had nearly emptied my pockets, when all at once the sod on which I was standing gave way under me, and I fell *plump* into the water.

I fell with a plunge like a large stone, and as I could not swim a stroke, I should have gone to the bottom like one; but it so happened that I came down right in the midst of the swans, who were no doubt taken as much by surprise as myself.

Now, it was not through any peculiar presence of mind on my part, but simply from the instinct of self-preservation, which is common to every living creature, that I made an effort to save myself.

This I did by throwing out my hands, and endeavoring to seize hold of something, just as drowning men will catch even at straws. But I caught something better than a straw, for I chanced to seize upon the leg of one of the biggest and strongest of the swans, and to that I held on, as if my life depended on my not letting it go.

SAVED BY A SWAN.

At the first plunge my eyes and ears had been filled with water, and I was hardly sensible of what I was doing. I could hear a vast splashing and sputtering as the birds scattered away in affright, but in another second of time I had consciousness enough to perceive that I had got hold of the leg of a swan and was being rapidly towed through the water.

I had sense enough to retain my hold; and in less time than I take to tell it I was dragged more than halfway across the pond — which, after all, was but a short distance.

The swan made no attempt to swim, but, rather, fluttered along the surface, using his wings, and perhaps the leg that was still free, to propel himself forward. Terror, no doubt, had doubled his strength and his energies, else he could never have towed such a weight, big and strong though he was.

How long the affair would have lasted it is hard to say. Not very long, however. The bird might have kept above the water a good while, but I could not have held out much longer.

I was every moment being ducked under, the water at each immersion getting into my mouth and nostrils. I was fast losing consciousness and should soon have been forced to let go.

Just at this crisis, to my great joy, I felt something touch me underneath; some rough object had struck against my knees. It was the stones and gravel at

the bottom of the lake, and I perceived that I was in water of no great depth. The bird, in struggling to escape, had passed over the portion of the lake where it was deep and dangerous and was now close to the edge, where it shoaled.

I did not hesitate a moment; I was only too glad to put an end to the towing match, and therefore released my grasp from the leg of the swan. The bird, thus lightened, immediately took to wing, and, screeching like a wild fowl, rose high into the air.

For myself, I found bottom at once, and, after some staggering and a good deal of hiccoughing, I regained my feet, and then, wading out, stood once more upon *terra firma*.

I was so badly terrified by the incident that I never thought of looking after my sloop. Leaving her to finish her voyage as she might, I ran away as fast as my legs would carry me, and never made halt or pause till I had reached home, and stood with dripping garments in front of the fire.

[Abridgment.] MAYNE REID.

GOLD LOCKS AND SILVER LOCKS.

Pupil and master together,
The wise man and the child,
Merrily talking and laughing
Under the lamplight mild.

Pupil and master together,
A fair sight to behold,
With his thronging locks of silver
And her tresses of ruddy gold.

"Well, little girl, did you practice
On the violin to-day?
What is the air I gave you?
Have you forgotten it, pray?"

And he sings a few notes and pauses,
Half frowning to see her stand
Perplexed, with her white brows knitted,
And her chin upon her hand.

Far off in the street of a sudden
Comes the sound of a wandering band,
And the blare of brass rings faintly,
Too distant to understand.

"Hark!" says the master, smiling,
Bending his head to hear,
"In what key are they playing?
Can you tell me that, my dear?

"Is it D minor? Try it!
To the piano and try!"
She strikes it, the sweet sound answers
Her touch so light and shy.

And swift as steel to magnet,
The far tones and the near
Unite and are blended together
Smoothly upon the ear.

I thought, if one had the power,
What a beautiful thing 'twould be,
Hearing Life's manifold music,
To strike in one's self the key;

Whether joyful or sorry, to answer,
As wind-harps answer the air,
And solve by simple submission
Its riddles of trouble and care.

But the little maid knew nothing
Of thoughts so grave and wise,
As she stole again to her teacher,
And lifted her merry eyes.

And neither dreamed what a picture
They made, the young and the old, —
With his thronging locks of silver,
And her tresses of ruddy gold.

CELIA THAXTER.

How soft the music of those village bells
Falling at intervals upon the ear
In cadence sweet!

WILLIAM COWPER.

THE WORLD.

separate	bald	panthers
jungles	flute	tomahawks
sharks	salmon	breathe
harp	trout	difference

First of all, let us look about us, now, this very minute, at the world, and what we see in a single day. Look at the men and the women, and children, what thousands of them there are, all different. They breathe, they take food, they smile, they look grave, they walk, they talk, they buy and sell things, they go to and fro all day long.

Look at the thousands of houses, with rooms to live in, and fireplaces to warm the rooms; and look at the sparrows that twitter and chirp about, and the dogs, and the great handsome horses that drag such loads and run so fast.

And think of the grass, with more blades in a small field than you could count in a year, even if you could keep them separate to your mind and fingers as you went along; and remember that this green grass grows like a carpet all round the world, with red, and white, and blue flowers for a pattern; though there are some places, such as deserts, which are bald, and have no grass, and a great many places where there are streets and houses instead.

Think of the rocky, high places where eagles live,

and the hills and mountains sitting in rows like friendly giants.

Recollect how many rivers and ponds there are, and how beautiful and wonderful water is in almost every place that you can think of. Think of all the rivers running to the sea, thousands of rivers, all over the earth, doing this every day, rolling along, and getting wider and wider, and at last mixing with the ocean.

Then you must shut your eyes for a minute, and try to think of the sea in a picture all round the round world, always moving and rolling, with a ship here and there, like a dot, on the great waves.

Then try to think of some things which you have not seen: of the ice at the top and the bottom of the world, at the places they call the Poles, where the wolves and the white bears are.

Think of great forests of fir trees and pine trees such as you have seen, only a great deal larger; and think of palm trees and great bushes, or jungles, where there are lions and tigers and panthers and dreadful snakes.

Think of the heat and the cold, and the difference the sun makes in a day to the different parts of the world, and the people in different parts of the world.

Then think of the thousands of millions of men and women, and children there are: white men, black men, red men, brown men. Think of the different

THE WONDERFUL WORLD.

sorts of food they eat, and the different ways in which they make their shelter from the weather.

Some eat rice, and some eat meat, and some eat fish, and nearly all eat bread. Some live in tents, some live in brick houses, some live in wooden houses, and some live nearly always in boats. Some fight with daggers, some with guns, some with bows and arrows, and some with tomahawks.

Then think of all the shops, and the places where people make things, and the churches and other places where they go to say their prayers.

And remember all the different sorts of music, and yet how alike they are; because in nearly every place where there are men and women they have found out how to make a flute, a harp, and a drum, although these are sometimes made very badly.

Then you can think of all the fires the people light all over the world to sit by and to cook their food by; and all the fish going about the sea and the rivers—whales, and sharks, and salmon, and trout; and all the coaches and carts, and the reading and the writing, and the sitting down and the standing up, and shaking hands, and the rubbing of noses (for that is the way in which some savages make friends with each other), and all the mothers nursing their babies, and kissing their little boys and girls, and the fathers working, and the beautiful wind blowing, and all the different goings on.

Now you will have to shut your eyes, I dare say, to be able to think of some of these things; but when you have done it as well as you can, you will have thought of the meaning of the word "world."

WILLIAM BRIGHTY RANDS.

THE LIFEBOAT.

bark	British	ashen
mercy	hatches	thwart
shrouds	squalls	fathoms
tangled	visible	starboard

As the day broke, one fearfully stormy morning, a large bark ran on a bank of sand, eight miles from the British coast, and lay there at the mercy of the tempest, filling with water. She rapidly began to settle, the waves breaking fiercely over her.

Her boats were knocked to pieces, her hatches were stove in. Eighteen men were in the rigging, clinging to the shrouds of that broken foremast; the mainmast was gone. No hope was in their hearts, no help was nigh.

But is there no hope, no help? They are seen from shore. No sooner is the word passed, "A wreck! a wreck!" than the gallant boatmen spring to the beach.

"Man the lifeboat!"

Yes, but the waves are driving furiously in to the shore.

"Man the lifeboat!"

Turner.

THE WRECK.

Yes, but the snow is drifting in blinding squalls.

"Man the lifeboat!"

One by one the noble fellows take their places. Out they dash, in the teeth of the gale.

"Oars out, my men. Steady! Oars out!"

They are knee-deep in water. The waves beat upon them; they are drenched, and all but drowned. Yet how cheerfully they bend their backs to the ashen oars!

"Hold on, every man of you!"

Every man holds on to the thwart before him, whilst an immense wave rolls over, burying them fathoms deep. They rise, and shake their locks. But where is the wreck? The weather is so thick they cannot see her. Now there is a break in the drift; there she lies, the starboard bow the only part of the hull visible.

Are there any men in that tangled rigging? Yes, see! the rigging is full of them.

"Now, steady, men, steady!" Keep clear of the wreck. Steady! Ah, we have them now."

She lies alongside; and one by one the poor, half-drowned, half-frozen wretches drop into the boat, and out she drifts, into the boiling sea.

Amid the peril of the return, with the waves hissing after them, how steadily they row! And now the lights break upon them from the shore, and soon the lookers-out on the beach hail them.

"Lifeboat, ahoy! Are they all safe?"

"Aye, aye, every man safe!"

How they cheer! and the cheer is louder and more hearty than that which greets the champion in a boat race. And why? Because these men saved human life.

JOHN B. GOUGH.

THE SONG OF AMIENS.

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:
Then, heigh-ho, the holly!
This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot;
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friends remembered not.
Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:
Then, heigh-ho, the holly!
This life is most jolly.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

THE GREAT SCHOLAR.

optics	observatory	acoustics
scholar	examination	proposition
opinion	geography	haughty
division	associate	balance

There was once a little boy by the name of Leon, who was always at the head of his class. He gained all the prizes — the grammar prize, the arithmetic prize, the history prize, the geography prize — and went home on examination day with a great pile of books under his arm, and so many wreaths on his head that you could hardly see him.

The people in the streets turned to look at him as he passed, and the next day, at market, the nurse talked with great pride about her young master, who was already a great scholar. All this puffed up the heart of the poor little boy, and gave him a great opinion of himself.

A little girl by the name of Rose, who lived in the neighborhood, often came to play with him. She did not learn as easily as he, but she was a darling little child, gentle and loving to everybody, and obedient to her parents; and who, every night before going to sleep, always prayed to God with all her heart to make her wise and good.

The great scholar soon began to look down on her. One day he took it into his head that an ignorant

little girl like her must be very much beneath him, and that it would be well to find out what she knew before continuing to honor her with his company; and, the dear child having come to show him a beautiful picture-book which her godmother had given her, he received her with a cold and haughty air which was quite new to poor Rose.

"I shall be glad to look at the pictures," said he, "but first I want to know whether you can change a vulgar fraction to a decimal."

Rose burst out laughing. "Oh, I haven't been so far as that," said she. "I am just going to begin division."

"You needn't laugh; I am in earnest. At least you can tell me the difference between a relative leading proposition and an absolute leading proposition."

"We were told the other day in the class, but I have forgotten."

"Very well. It is probably of no use to ask you in what year Rome was founded."

"What a ridiculous question! You know very well that I have only just begun the history of Egypt."

"Worse and worse. I am almost sure that you cannot tell me the names of the states in the Valley of the Mississippi."

She remained mute. Her geographical knowledge did not yet extend to the Valley of the Mississippi.

"O dear," she said, at length, "what is the matter with you to-day? We are not in school; leave all these things alone, and come and see my picture-book; it is full of pretty stories."

"Dear Rose," answered Leon, with a condescending air, "in the first place, you must own that I know a great deal more than you do. It is not proper that we should be seen any more together."

Poor little Rose could find no other answer than a fit of crying, for she loved Leon dearly, and it seemed very hard to lose him on account of the Valley of the Mississippi and the relative proposition. As she was looking at him with an imploring eye, unable to make up her mind to go without him, her godmother suddenly entered.

This was a respectable old lady, of great merit, although she was but little known; which will not surprise you when I tell you her name; she was called the fairy Modesty. She was not very partial to those distributions of prizes, from which children return home with laurel wreaths on their heads, proud and triumphant, like victorious generals.

The vexation of her dear goddaughter had touched her, and she came to punish the proud boy who was the cause of her tears.

"So you know nothing, my dear little Rose," said she. "Well, can you tell me what we must do to lead a good life?"

"Oh, godmamma, that is not hard. We must obey God, and be kind — like him — to every one."

"That is knowing something; but I can understand that it is not enough to make you a fit companion for so learned a boy as Leon. Come with me, sir," she added, turning to Leon; "you know too much, it is true, to associate with little girls. What suits you now is the society of scholars and authors."

Saying this, she took him by the hand, and he suddenly found himself transported to one of the rooms of a great observatory, where a man of imposing appearance was seated at a long table before a great heap of papers covered with figures.

This man was truly a great scholar. He had taken the measure of the globe — a work far more difficult than the Rule of Three. He had followed the march of light, which travels seventy-two thousand leagues in a second, and had calculated how many years it would take us to reach the nearest star. With pen in hand, he weighed the sun and the moon as in a balance, and by calculation found the route of the heavenly bodies through the boundless space that surrounds us.

The fairy Modesty bowed to him. He smiled in a friendly manner, and greeted her like an old acquaintance.

"Good morning, master," said she. "Here is a

scholar who desires to have some conversation with you."

The great man knew of no more lively pleasure than that of imparting his knowledge to all who desired it. He gave his hand to the little boy.

"I congratulate you," said he. "A scholar at your age! It is really wonderful. Will you help me to find a comet that we have been expecting for the last month? I am just trying to discover what can have stopped its way. We will look for it together."

To look for comets was rather beyond Leon, who had gone no farther than the Rule of Interest. He blushed and declined the proposal.

"Well, we will talk of optics, acoustics, or hydrostatics, as you please." The poor humbled child knew not where to hide his head.

"You know logarithms, at least?"

He replied, trying to restrain his tears, that he did not understand those stupid things, but that he could change a vulgar fraction to a decimal.

The learned man looked at the fairy with an air of surprise, and was about to ask her what kind of scholar she had brought him; but she did not leave him time to speak.

"Master," said she, "I know a little girl who says that to lead a good life we must obey God, and be kind — like him — to every one. Do you know any more about it than she does?"

"God forbid that I should think so! The dear child has said all there is to say on the subject."

"Let us go," said the fairy to her companion.

[Abridgment from Translation by Mary L. Booth.]

JEAN MACÉ.

THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

The breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods, against a stormy sky,
Their giant branches tossed:

And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and water o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted came,
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame;

Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear,—
They shook the depths of the desert's gloom,
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard and the sea!
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free.

THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

The ocean eagle soared
From his nest by the white wave's foam,
And the rocking pines of the forest roared —
This was their welcome home!

There were men with hoary hair,
Amidst that pilgrim band —
Why had they come to wither there
Away from their childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war? —
They sought a faith's pure shrine!

Aye, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod!
They have left unstained what there they found —
Freedom to worship God!

FELICIA HEMANS.

I trust in God, — the right shall be the right
And other than the wrong, while he endures.

ROBERT BROWNING.

A SCHOOL IN IRELAND.

resort	vicar	healthy
parade	hushed	patched
chorus	speech	pinafore
unconcerned	civil	clergyman

We went from the church to the school, which had long been a favorite resort of the good vicar's; indeed, to judge from the schoolmaster's books, his attendance there is almost daily, and the number of scholars some two hundred.

We found a large room with some sixty or seventy boys at work; in an upper chamber were a considerable number of girls, with their teachers, two modest and pretty young women; but the favorite resort of the vicar was evidently the infant school, — and no wonder: it is impossible to witness a more beautiful or touching sight.

Eighty of these little people, healthy, clean, and rosy — some in smart gowns and shoes and stockings, some with patched pinafores and little bare pink feet — sat upon half a dozen low benches, and were singing, at the top of their fourscore fresh voices, a song when we entered.

All the voices were hushed as the vicar came in, and a great bobbing and courtesying took place; whilst a hundred and sixty innocent eyes turned awfully toward the clergyman, who tried to look as

unconcerned as possible, and began to make the little ones a speech.

"I have brought," says he, "a gentleman from England, who has heard of my little children and their school, and hopes he will carry away a good account of it. Now, you know, we must all do our best to be kind and civil to strangers: what can we do here, for this gentleman, that he would like? Do you think he would like a song?"

(*All the children.*) "We'll sing to him!"

Then the schoolmistress, coming forward, sang the first words of a hymn, which at once eighty little voices took up, or near eighty — for some of the little things were too young to sing yet, and all they could do was to beat the measure with little red hands as the others sang.

It was a hymn about heaven, with a chorus of "O, that will be joyful, joyful, joyful," and one of the verses beginning, "Little children will be there." It was the first time I had ever heard it; and I do not care to own that it brought tears to my eyes.

But I think I will never, while I live, forget that little chorus, nor would any man who has ever loved a child and lost one. God bless you, O happy little singers! What a noble and useful life is his, who, in place of seeking wealth and honor, devotes his life to such a service as this!

WILLIAM M. THACKERAY.

THE RETURN OF THE BIRDS.

I know the trusty almanac
Of the punctual coming-back,
On their due days, of the birds.
I marked them yestermorn,
A flock of finches darting
Beneath the crystal arch,
Piping, as they flew, a march, —
Belike the one they used in parting
Last year from yon oak or larch;
Dusky sparrows in a crowd,
Diving, darting northward free,
Suddenly betook them all,
Every one to his hole in the wall,
Or to his niche in the apple-tree.

I greet with joy the choral trains
Fresh from palms and Cuba's canes.
Best gems of Nature's cabinet,
With dews of tropic morning wet,
Beloved of children, bards and Spring,
O birds, your perfect virtues bring,
Your song, your forms, your rhythmic flight,
Your manners for the heart's delight;
Nestle in hedge, or barn, or roof,
Here weave your chamber weather-proof,

Lauz.

SWALLOWS.

Forgive our harms, and condescend
To man, as to a lubber friend,
And, generous, teach his awkward race
Courage and probity and grace!

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

A DICKENS CHILDREN'S PARTY.

Dickens	brilliantly	hospitality
London	assuredly	flattering
mirth	jollity	radiance
throng	tributes	vague

Certainly the Dickens children's parties were shining facts in our early London days; nothing else came near them. There were other parties — and they were very nice — but nothing to compare to these; not nearly so light, not nearly so shining, not nearly so going round and round.

Perhaps it was not all so brilliantly wonderful as I imagined it; but most assuredly the spirit of mirth and kindly jollity was a reality to every one present, and the master of the house had that wondrous fairy gift of leadership. I know not what to call that power by which he inspired every one with spirit and interest.

One special party I remember, which seemed to me to go on for years with its kind, gay hospitality, its music, its streams of children passing and repassing.

We were a little shy coming in alone in all the consciousness of new shoes and ribbons, but Mrs. Dickens called us to sit by her till the long sweeping dance was over, and talked to us as if we were grown up, — which is always flattering to little girls.

Then Miss Hogarth found us partners, and we, too, formed part of the throng. I remember watching the white satin shoes and long flowing sashes of the little Dickens girls, who were just about our own age, but how much more graceful and beautifully dressed!

Our sashes were bright plaids of red and blue. These were tributes from one of my father's Scotch admirers. Is it ungrateful to confess now, after all, that we could not bear them? Our shoes were only bronze. Shall I own to this passing shadow amid all that radiance? But when people are once dancing they are all equal again and happy.

Somehow, after the music, we all floated into the long supper-room, and I found myself sitting near the head of the table by Mr. Dickens, with another little girl much younger than myself; she wore a necklace and pretty little sausage curls all round her head.

Mr. Dickens was very kind to the little girl, and presently I heard him persuading her to sing, and he put his arm round her to encourage her; and then, wonderful to say, the little girl stood up (she was little Miss Huldah) and began very shyly, trembling and blushing at first, but as she blushed and trem-

bled she sang more and more sweetly; and then all the gay youth, consisting of the little Dickens boys and their friends, ranged along the supper-table, clapped and clapped, and Mr. Dickens clapped, too, smiling and applauding her.

And then he made a little speech, with one hand on the table; I think it was thanking the boys for their applause, and they again clapped and laughed — but here my memory fails me, and everything grows very vague and like a dream.

Only this much I do remember very clearly: that we danced and supped and danced again, and that we were all standing in a hall lighted and hung with bunches of Christmas green, and, as I have said, everything seemed altogether magnificent and important, more magnificent and important every minute, for as the evening went on more and more people kept arriving.

The hall was crowded, and the broad staircase was lined with little boys, whose heads and legs and arms were waving about together. They were making a great noise, and talking and shouting, and the eldest son of the house seemed to be marshaling them.

Presently their noise became a cheer, and then another, and we looked up and saw that our own father had come to fetch us, and that his white head was there above the others. Then came a third, final, ringing cheer, and some one went up to him, — it was

Mr. Dickens himself, — who laughed, and said quickly, "That is for you!" and my father looked up, surprised, pleased, touched, settled his spectacles, and nodded gravely to the little boys.

ANNE THACKERAY RITCHIE.

THE FLOWER OF LIBERTY.

What flower is this that greets the morn,
Its hues from Heaven so freshly born?
With burning star and flaming band
It kindles all the sunset land:
O tell us what its name may be,
Is this the flower of Liberty?
It is the banner of the free,
The starry Flower of Liberty!

In savage Nature's far abode
Its tender seed our fathers sowed;
The storm-winds rocked its swelling bud,
Its opening leaves were streaked with blood,
Till lo! earth's tyrants shook to see
The full-blown Flower of Liberty!
Then hail the banner of the free,
The starry Flower of Liberty!

Behold its streaming rays unite,
One mingling flood of braided light,
The red that fires the Southern rose,
With spotless white from Northern snows,

And, spangled o'er its azure, see
The sister stars of Liberty!
Then hail the banner of the free,
The starry Flower of Liberty!

The blades of heroes fence it round;
Where'er it springs is holy ground;
From tower and dome its glories spread;
It waves where lonely sentries tread;
It makes the land as ocean free,
And plants an empire on the sea!
Then hail the banner of the free,
The starry Flower of Liberty!

Thy sacred leaves, fair Freedom's flower,
Shall ever float on dome and tower,
To all their heavenly colors true,
In blackening frost or crimson dew, —
And God love us as we love thee,
Thrice holy Flower of Liberty!
Then hail the banner of the free,
The starry FLOWER OF LIBERTY!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

THE EAGLE AND THE CHILD.

pest	intersecting	screes
bairn	discomfiture	wrathful
copse	transfixed	quailed
eyrie	strath	dwindled

The Great Golden Eagle, the pride and the pest of the parish, stooped down, and away with something in his talons. One sudden female shriek — and then shouts and outcries, as if a church spire had tumbled down on a congregation, at a sacrament.

"Hannah Lamond's bairn! Hannah Lamond's bairn!" was the loud, fast-spreading cry. "The eagle's carried off Hannah Lamond's bairn!" and many hundred feet were in another instant hurrying toward the mountain. Two miles, of hill, and dale, and copse, and shingle, and many intersecting brooks, lay between; but, in an incredibly short time, the foot of the mountain was alive with people.

The eyrie was well known, and both old birds were visible on the rock-ledge. But who shall scale that dizzy cliff, which Mark Steuart, the sailor, who had been at the storming of many a fort, attempted in vain?

All kept gazing, weeping, wringing of hands in vain, rooted to the ground, or running back and forwards, like so many ants essaying their new wings in discomfiture.

"What's the use — what's the use — of any poor human means? We have no power but in prayer!" and many knelt down — fathers and mothers thinking of their own babies — as if they would force the deaf heavens to hear!

Hannah Lamond had all this while been sitting on a rock, with a face perfectly white, and eyes like those of a mad person, fixed on the eyrie. Nobody had noticed her, for, strong as all sympathies with her had been at the swoop of the eagle, they were now swallowed up in the agony of eyesight.

"Only last Sabbath was my sweet wee bairn baptized!" and on uttering these words, she flew off through the brakes, and over the huge stones, up — up — up — faster than ever huntsman ran in to the death — fearless as a goat playing among the precipices.

No one doubted, no one could doubt, that she would soon be dashed to pieces. No stop, no stay, — she knew not that she drew her breath. Beneath her feet Providence fastened every loose stone, and to her hands strengthened every root. How was she ever to descend? That fear, then, but once crossed her heart, as up, up, up to the little image made of her own flesh and blood.

"The God who holds me now from perishing — will not the same God save me, when my child is on my bosom?"

Down came the fierce rushing of the eagle's wings,

each savage bird dashing close to her head, so that she saw the yellow of their wrathful eyes. All at once they quailed, and were cowed. Yelling, they flew off to the stump of an ash jutting out of the cliff, a thousand feet above the cataract; and the Christian mother, falling across the eyrie, in the midst of bones and blood, clasping her child, dead — dead — dead — no doubt, but unmangled and untorn, and swaddled up just as it was when she laid it down asleep among the fresh hay in a nook of the harvest field.

Oh, what a pang of perfect blessedness transfixed her heart from that faint, feeble cry: "It lives — it lives — it lives!" and baring her bosom, with loud laughter, and eyes as dry as stones, she felt the lips of the unconscious innocent once more murmuring at the fount of life and love!

Cliffs, chasms, blocks of stone, and the skeletons of old trees, far, far down; and, dwindled into specks, a thousand creatures of her own kind, stationary, or running to and fro! Was that the sound of the waterfall, or the faint roar of voices? Is that her native strath? and that tuft of trees, does it contain the hut in which stands the cradle of her child? Nevermore shall it be rocked by her foot! Here she must die! And those horrid beaks and eyes and talons and wings will return; and her child will be devoured at last, even within the dead bosom that can protect it no longer.

EAGLE AND CHILD.

Where all this while was Mark Steuart, the sailor? Halfway up the cliffs. But his eye had got dim, and his head dizzy, and his heart sick; and he who had so often reefed the topgallant sail, when at midnight the coming of the gale was heard afar, covered his face with his hands, and dared look no longer on the swimming heights.

"And who will take care of my poor, bedridden mother?" thought Hannah, whose soul, through the exhaustion of so many passions, could no more retain in its grasp that hope which it had clutched in despair.

A voice whispered, "God!" She looked around expecting to see an angel; but nothing moved except a rotten branch that, under its own weight, broke off from the crumbling rock. Her eye, by some secret sympathy of her soul, watched it fall; and it seemed to stop, not far off, on a small platform.

Her child was bound within her bosom,—she remembered not how or when, but it was safe; and scarcely daring to open her eyes as she slid down the shelving rocks, and found herself on a small piece of firm, root-bound soil, with the tops of bushes appearing below.

With fingers suddenly strengthened into the power of iron, she swung herself down by brier and broom and heather and dwarf-birch. There, a loosened stone leapt over a ledge; and no sound was heard, so profound was its fall. There, the shingle rattled down the screes, and she hesitated not to follow. Her feet

bounded against the huge stones and stopped them, but she felt no pain. Her body was as callous as the cliff.

As steep as the wall of a house was now the side of the precipice. But it was matted with ivy centuries old, long ago dead and without a single green leaf, but with thousands of arm-thick stems, petrified into the rock and covering it as with a trellis. She bound her baby to her neck, and with hands and feet clung to that fearful ladder.

Turning her head and looking down, lo! the whole population of the parish, so great was the multitude on their knees! And, hush! the voice of psalms! a hymn breathing the spirit of one united prayer! Sad and solemn was the strain, but nothing dirge-like — breathing not death, but deliverance! An unseen hand seemed fastening her fingers to the ribs of ivy; and, in sudden inspiration, believing that her life was to be saved, she became almost as fearless as if she had been changed into a winged creature.

Again her feet touched stones and earth; the psalm was hushed; but a tremulous, sobbing voice was close beside her, and lo! a she-goat, with two little kids at her feet. "Wild heights," thought she, "do these creatures climb; but the dam will lead down her kids by the easiest paths, for oh, even in the brute creatures, what is the holy power of a mother's love!" and, turning round her head, she kissed her sleeping baby, and for the first time she wept

Overhead frowned the front of the precipice, never before touched by human hand or foot. No one had ever dreamed of scaling it; and the golden eagles knew that well in their instinct, as, before they built their eyrie, they had brushed it with their wings. But all the rest of this part of the mountain side, though scarred and seamed and chasmed, was yet accessible; and more than one person had reached the bottom of the Glead's Cliff.

Many were now attempting it; and ere the cautious mother had followed her dumb guides a hundred yards, the head of one man appeared, and then the head of another; and she knew that God had delivered her and her child, in safety, into the care of their fellow-creatures.

Not a word was spoken — eyes said enough. She hushed her friends with her hands, and, with uplifted eyes, pointed to the guides sent to her by Heaven.

Small green plats where those creatures nibble the wild flowers became now more frequent; trodden lines, almost as easy as sheep-paths, showed that the dam had not led her young into danger. And now the brushwood dwindled away into straggling shrubs; and the party stood on a little eminence above the stream and forming a part of the strath.

There had been trouble and agitation, much sobbing and many tears, among the multitude, while the mother was scaling the cliffs: sublime was the shout

that echoed afar the moment she reached the eyrie; then had succeeded a silence deep as death; in a little while arose the hymning prayer, succeeded by mute supplication; the wildness of thankful joy next had sway;—and now that her salvation was sure, the great crowd rustled like a storm-swept wood.

And for whose sake was all this alternation of agony? A poor, humble creature, unknown to many, even by name; one who had but few friends, nor wished for more; contented to work all day — here, there, anywhere — that she might be able to support her aged mother and her little child, and who on Sabbath took her seat in an obscure pew, set apart for paupers, in the kirk.

[Abridgment.] JOHN WILSON.

AN AVALANCHE.

avalanche	crags	Sierra
tranquil	bonds	margin
customary	bowlders	grandeur
undermined	extent	season

Away up among the crags and forests of the Sierra, but below the snow-range at that season, there lay all day in the sunshine a very tranquil little lake. All around the lake were the steep sides of mountains, and at no point was there any visible outlet.

Streams of various sizes ran into it, and one of

them came plunging over the edge of a perpendicular rock, in a foamy, feathery waterfall.

There was plenty of room in the valley for the lake to grow larger, but the trees at its margin seemed to say that this was its customary size. On the northern side the sloping steep went up, up, up, until all its rocks became hidden under a covering of snow.

Just above the snow-line the June sun had been working hard, day after day, melting snow for the lake, until it had undermined a vast icy mass several acres in extent. Nobody could guess how many winters had been required to make that heap of frost so deep and hard, or how many summers had made everything ready for that hot day to finish.

The avalanche had broken its bonds! Down it came, slowly at first, then more swiftly, and the tall pines were snapped off and swept away, and great bowlders were caught up and carried with it.

Down, down, down it came, and at last, with a great surging plunge, it went head foremost into the lake. Crash! splash! dash! the flying sheets of water reached the tree-tops on the margin.

The avalanche found deep water, for it almost disappeared; but it made the lake several feet deeper, and then its own fragments came up from their dive to be floated around and to be dashed against the shore by the waves.

It did not take a great while for the surface of the

THE AVALANCHE.

lake to become calm again, with the snow-cakes and the ice-cakes almost motionless in the fading light.

Not any human eye had seen the avalanche fall, or had noted its grandeur or any of its consequences.

WILLIAM O. STODDARD.

JOHN RIDD'S RIDE.

rumors	prominent	mixen
witch	imported	capers
filly	demurely	outraged
supple	repute	fluent

"I am your mother's cousin, boy, and am going up to the house. Tom Faggus is my name, as everybody knows; and this is my young mare, Winnie."

Tom Faggus and his young blood-mare, the strawberry! Already her fame was noised abroad nearly as much as her master's, and my longing to ride her grew tenfold, but fear came at the back of it.

Not that I had the smallest fear of what the mare could do to me, by fair play and horse-trickery, but that the glory of sitting upon her seemed to be too great for me; especially as there were rumors abroad that she was not a mare, after all, but a witch.

However, she looked like a filly all over, and wonderfully beautiful, with her supple stride, and soft slope of shoulder, and glossy coat beaded with water, and prominent eyes full of docile fire. Whether this

came from her Eastern blood of the Arabs newly imported, and whether the cream-color, mixed with our bay, led to that bright strawberry tint, is certainly more than I can decide, being chiefly acquainted with farm horses.

Mr. Faggus gave his mare a wink, and she walked demurely after him, a bright young thing, flowing over with life, yet dropping her soul to a higher one, and led by love to anything. Then Winnie trod lightly upon the straw, because it had soft muck under it, and her delicate feet came back again.

"Up for it still, boy, are you?" Tom Faggus stopped, and the mare stopped there; and they looked at me provokingly.

"Is she able to leap, sir? There is a good take-off on this side of the brook."

Mr. Faggus laughed very quietly, turning round to Winnie, so that she might enter into it. And she, for her part, seemed to know exactly where the fun lay.

"Good tumble-off, you mean, my boy. Well, there can be small harm to you. I am akin to your family, and know the substance of their skulls."

"Let me get up," said I, waxing wroth, for reasons I cannot tell you, because they are too manifold; "take off your saddle-bag things. I will try not to squeeze her ribs in, unless she plays nonsense with me."

Then Mr. Faggus was up on his mettle at this proud speech of mine; and John Fry was running up all the while, and Bill Dadds, and half a dozen.

Tom Faggus gave one glance around, and then dropped all regard for me. The high repute of his mare was at stake, and what was my life compared to it? Through my defiance and stupid ways, here was I in a duello, and my legs not come to their strength yet, and my arms as limp as a herring.

Something of this occurred to him, even in his wrath with me, for he spoke very softly to the filly, who could now scarce subdue herself; but she drew in her nostrils, and breathed his breath, and did all she could to answer him.

"Not too hard, my dear," he said; "let him gently down on the mixen. That will be quite enough." Then he turned the saddle off, and I was up in a moment.

She began at first so easily, and pricked her ears so lovingly, and minced about as if pleased to find so light a weight upon her, that I thought she knew I could ride a little, and feared to show any capers.

"Gee wugg, Polly!" cried I, for all the men were now looking on. "Gee wugg, Polly, and show what you are made of!" With that I plugged my heels into her and Billy Dadds flung his hat up.

Nevertheless she outraged not, though her eyes were frightening Annie, and John Fry took a pick to

keep him safe; but she curbed to and fro, with her strong forearms rising like springs ingathered, waiting and quivering grievously, and beginning to sweat about it.

Then her master gave a shrill, clear whistle, then her ears were bent toward him, and I felt her form beneath me gathering up like whalebone, and her hind legs coming under her, and I knew that I was in for it.

First she reared upright in the air and struck me full on the nose with her comb, till I bled; and then down with her forefeet deep in the straw and her hindfeet going to heaven. Finding me stick to her still like wax, for my mettle was up as hers was, away she flew with me swifter than ever I went before or since.

She drove full-head at the cob-wall, — "Oh, Jack, slip off!" screamed Annie, — then she turned like light, when I thought to crush her, and ground my left knee against it. "If you kill me, you shall die with me!" I cried.

Then she took the courtyard gate at a leap, knocking my words between my teeth, and then right over a quickset hedge, as if the sky were breath to her, and away for the water-meadows, while I lay on her neck like a child at the breast, and wished I had never been born.

Straight away, all in the front of the wind, and scattering clouds around her; all I knew of the speed

we made was the frightful flash of her shoulders, and her mane like trees in a tempest.

All the long, swift while, without power of thought, I clung to her crest and shoulders, and dug my nails into her creases and my toes into her flank, and was proud of holding on so long, though sure of being beaten. Then, in her fury at feeling me still, she rushed at another device, and leaped the wide water-trough sidewise across, to and fro, till no breath was left in me.

The hazel boughs took me too hard in the face, and the tall dog-briers got hold of me, and the ache of my back was like crimping a fish; till I longed to give it up, thoroughly beaten, and lie there and die in the cresses.

But there came a shrill whistle from up the home-hill, where the people had hurried to watch us, and the mare stopped as if with a bullet, then set off for home with the speed of a swallow, and going as smoothly and silently.

I had never dreamed of such delicate motion, fluent and graceful and ambient, soft as the breeze flitting over the flowers, but as swift as the summer lightning. I sat up again, but my strength was all spent, and no time was left to recover it; and though she rose at our gate like a bird, I tumbled off into the mixen.

[Adapted.] R. D. Blackmore.

GEORGE NIDIVER.

Men have done brave deeds,
And bards have sung them well:
I of good George Nidiver
Now the tale will tell.

In Californian mountains
A hunter bold was he:
Keen his eye and sure his aim
As any you should see.

A little Indian boy
Followed him everywhere,
Eager to share the hunter's joy,
The hunter's meal to share.

And when the bird or deer
Fell by the hunter's skill,
The boy was always near
To help with right good-will.

One day as through the cleft
Between two mountains steep,
Shut in both right and left,
Their questing way they keep,

They see two grizzly bears,
With hunger fierce and fell,
Rush at them unawares
Right down the narrow dell.

The boy turned round with screams,
And ran with terror wild:
One of the pair of savage beasts
Pursued the shrieking child.

The hunter raised his gun,—
He knew *one* charge was all,—
And through the boy's pursuing foe
He sent his only ball.

The other on George Nidiver
Came on with dreadful pace:
The hunter stood unarmed,
And met him face to face.

I say *unarmed* he stood:
Against those frightful paws
The rifle butt, or club of wood,
Could stand no more than straws.

George Nidiver stood still,
And looked him in the face:
The wild beast stood amazed,
Then came with slackening pace.

Still firm the hunter stood,
Although his heart beat high:
Again the creature stopped,
And gazed with wondering eye.

The hunter met his gaze,
  Nor yet an inch gave way;
The bear turned slowly round,
  And slowly moved away.

What thoughts were in his mind
  It would be hard to spell:
What thoughts were in George Nidiver's
  I rather guess than tell.

But sure that rifle's aim,
  Swift choice of generous part,
Showed in its passing gleam
  The depth of a brave heart.

ELIZABETH HOAR.

BIRDS OF JUNE.

concert	period	minstrelsy
aroused	fringe	commencement
meridian	arches	emulation
anthem	vireo	oriole

June is of all months of the year the most delightful period of woodland minstrelsy. With the early birds that still continue their warbling, the summer birds have joined their louder and more melodious strains.

Early in the morning, when the purple light of

dawn first awakens one from sleep, and while the red rays, that fringe the eastern arches of the sky with a beautiful tremulous motion, are fast brightening into a more dazzling radiance, we hear from the feathered tribe the commencement of their general hymn of gladness.

There is first an occasional twittering, then a single performance of some early waker, then a gradual joining of voices, until at length there is a full chorus of song.

Every few minutes some new voice joins in the concert, as if aroused by the beginners and excited by emulation, until thousands of melodious voices seem to be calling us out from sleep to the enjoyment of life and liberty.

After the sun has risen to nearly meridian height, the greater number of the birds that helped to swell the anthem of morn discontinue their songs, and a comparative silence prevails during the heat of the day.

The vireo, however, warbles incessantly, at all hours of daylight, from the lofty tree-tops in the heart of the villages; the oriole is still piping at intervals among the blossoms of the fruit trees, and the merry bobolink never tires, during the heat of the day, while singing and chattering, as if in ecstasies, above and around the sitting place of his wedded mate.

At the commencement of the sun's decline, the birds renew their songs; but the majority of the

more familiar birds that linger about our orchards and gardens are far less musical at sunset than at sunrise. I suppose they may be annoyed by the presence of men, who are more accustomed to be out at a late hour of the evening than at an early hour in the morning.

The hour preceding dusk in the evening, however, is the time when the thrushes, the most musical of birds, are loudest in their song.

Several different species of this tribe of musicians, at a late hour, are almost the sole performers. The catbird, with a strain somewhat similar to that of the robin, less melodious, but more varied and quaint in its expression, is then warbling in those places where the orchards and the wildwood meet and are blended together.

The red thrush, a bird still more retired in his habits, takes his station upon a tree that stands apart from the wood, and there pours forth his loud and varied song, which may be heard above every other note.

A little deeper in the woods, near the borders of streams, the wood thrushes, the last to become silent, may be heard responding to one another, with their trilled and exquisite notes, unsurpassed in melody and expression, from the sun's early decline, until the purple of twilight has nearly departed.

During all this time, and the greater part of the

day, in the solemn depths of the forest, where almost all other singing birds are strangers, resounds the distinct, peculiar, and almost unearthly warbling of the hermit thrush, who recites his different strains, with such varied long pauses and with such modulation, that they might be mistaken for the notes of several different birds.

WILSON FLAGG.

ROBERT OF LINCOLN.

Merrily swinging on brier and weed,
Near to the nest of his little dame,
Over the mountain-side or mead,
Robert of Lincoln is telling his name:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Snug and safe in that nest of ours,
Hidden among the summer flowers.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln is gayly dressed,
Wearing a bright black wedding coat;
White are his shoulders and white his crest,
Hear him call in his merry note:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Look, what a nice new coat is mine,
Sure there was never a bird so fine.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln's Quaker wife,
Pretty and quiet, with plain brown wings,
Passing at home a patient life,
Broods in the grass while her husband sings:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Brood, kind creature; you need not fear
Thieves and robbers while I am here.
Chee, chee, chee.

Modest and shy as a nun is she;
One weak chirp is her only note.
Braggart and prince of braggarts is he,
Pouring boasts from his little throat:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Never was I afraid of man;
Catch me, cowardly knaves, if you can!
Chee, chee, chee.

Six white eggs on a bed of hay,
Flecked with purple, a pretty sight!
There as the mother sits all day,
Robert is singing with all his might:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Nice good wife that never goes out,
Keeping house while I frolic about.
Chee, chee, chee.

Soon as the little ones chip the shell,
  Six wide mouths are open for food;
Robert of Lincoln bestirs him well,
  Gathering seeds for the hungry brood.
    Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
    Spink, spank, spink;
This new life is likely to be
Hard for a gay young fellow like me.
    Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln at length is made
  Sober with work, and silent with care;
Off is his holiday garment laid,
  Half forgotten that merry air,
    Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
    Spink, spank, spink;
Nobody knows but my mate and I
Where our nest and our nestlings lie.
    Chee, chee, chee.

Summer wanes; the children are grown;
  Fun and frolic no more he knows;
Robert of Lincoln's a humdrum crone;
  Off he flies, and we sing as he goes:
    Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
    Spink, spank, spink;
When you can pipe that merry old strain,
Robert of Lincoln, come back again.
    Chee, chee, chee.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

JUNE.

Now is the high-tide of the year,
And whatever of life hath ebbed away
Comes flooding back with a ripply cheer,
Into every bare inlet and creek and bay;
Now the heart is so full that a drop overfills it;
We are happy now because God wills it;
No matter how barren the past may have been,
'Tis enough for us now that the leaves are green;
We sit in the warm shade and feel right well
How the sap creeps up and the blossoms swell;
We may shut our eyes, but we cannot help knowing
That skies are clear and grass is growing;
The breeze comes whispering in our ear,
That dandelions are blossoming near,
That maize has sprouted, that streams are flowing,
That the river is bluer than the sky,
That the robin is plastering his house hard by;
And if the breeze kept the good news back,
For other couriers we should not lack;
We could guess it all by yon heifer's lowing, —
And hark! how clear bold chanticleer,
Warmed with the new life of the year,
Tells all in his lusty crowing!

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

[From the "Vision of Sir Launfal."]

KEY TO PRONUNCIATION.

ā	as in	āle
a̋	"	sena̋te
â	"	âir
ă	"	ăm
ä	"	ärm
a	"	final
ą	"	ą̈ll
ȧ	"	ȧsk
ē	"	ēve
e̋	"	e̋vent
ĕ	"	ĕnd
ẽ	"	hẽr
e	"	novel
ī	"	īce
i̋	"	i̋dea
ĭ	"	ĭll
ō	"	ōld
ő	"	őbey
ô	"	ôrb
ŏ	"	ŏdd
ū	"	ūse
ű	"	űnite
ų	"	ru̇de
ụ	"	fụll
ŭ	as in	ŭp
û	"	ûrn
y̆	"	pity̆
ȳ	"	flȳ
o͞o	"	fo͞od
o͝o	"	fo͝ot
n̲	"	ban̲k
s	"	so
ş	"	haş
ç	"	çell
c	"	cat
ou	"	out
oi	"	oil
z	"	zone
ạ (= ŏ)	as in	whạt
e̱ (= ā)	"	obe̱y
ĩ (= ẽ)	"	bĩrd
o̱ (= o͞o)	"	do̱
ġ (= j)	"	ġem
th	"	thin
t̟h	"	t̟hat
ọ (= o͝o or ụ)	"	wọlf
ȯ (= ŭ)	"	sȯn
ỹ (= ẽ)	"	mỹrtle

VOCABULARY

[The words in this list are defined only in the sense in which they are used in the text.]

EXPLANATIONS.

n. means noun. *v.* means verb.
p. means participle. *a.* means adjective.
adv. means adverb.

à băn'dŏned, *a.*, deserted.
à bound'ĕd, *v.*, were plentiful.
ăb sôrbed', *v.*, wholly occupied.
à bŭn'dançe, *n.*, plenty.
ăc'cĕnt, *n.*, tone of voice.
ăc com'pà nĭed, *v.*, went with.
ăc cŭs'tŏmed, *v.*, wonted.
à cous'tĭcs, *n.*, the science of sound.
ăc quīred', *v.*, learned.
ăc tĭv'ĭ tў, *n.*, quickness of motion.
ăf frīght', *n.*, sudden fear.
à ġĭl'ĭ tў, *n.*, skillful movement.
ăġ'ĭ tāte, *v.*, to disturb.
à lĕrt', *a.*, watchful.
ăl'mŏnd, *n.*, a kind of nut.
ą̈l'tĕred, *v.*, changed.
ăm'bush, *n.*, a hiding place.
ăm'ĭ cà ble, *a.*, friendly.
ăn'guĭsh, *n.*, great pain.
ăn'thĕm, *n.*, a song of praise.
ăn tĭq'ui tў, *n.*, ancient time.
ăp pâr'ent lў, *adv.*, evidently.
ăp'pà rĭ'tion, *n.*, a ghostly appearance.
ăp prĕ hĕn'sion, *n.*, alarm.
ăp prōached', *v.*, went near.
ăp prō'prĭ ăte, *a*, suitable.
ärch'ĕş, *n.*, vaults.
à rouş̈ed', *p.*, wakened.
ăr rāngĕ'ment, *n.*, an orderly plan.
ăr'raut, *a.*, downright; positive.
ăr rĕst'ĕd, *v.*, stopped.
ăsh'en, *a.*, made of ash wood.
ăs'pĕct, *n.*, appearance.
ăs są̈ult', *n.*, attack.
ăs sĭst'ançe, *n.*, help.
ăs sō'cĭ ăte, *v.*, to be in company.
ăs sūmed', *v.*, took.
às sured', *a.*, sure.
ăs sūr'ĕd lў, *adv.*, certainly.
ăt tāined', *v.*, reached; arrived at.
ą̈u'dĭ ble, *a.*, that which may be heard.
ą̈ug mĕnt'ĕd, *v.*, increased.
ą̈u rō'rà, *n.*, a flashing light in the sky.
ą̈u thŏr'ĭ tў, *n.*, rule.
ăv'à lănche, *n.*, a fall of earth, snow, or ice from a mountain.
ăv oir'dŭ poiş', *a.*, a system of weights.

bâirn, *n.*, a Scotch child.
băl'ŭs trādeş', *n.*, rows of columns with rails.
băp'tĭşm, *n.*, a religious ceremony.
bär'bà roŭs, *a.*, rude.
bărque, *n.*, a kind of sailing vessel.

bēam'ĭng, *a.*, shining.
bĕn'ē dĭc'tion, *n.*, a blessing.
bē sought', *v.*, urged.
bē wāil'ĭng, *p.*, grieving aloud.
blīthe'lў, *adv.*, gayly.
bŏndş, *n.*, limits.
bō rē ā'lĭs, *a.*, arctic.
bou'lē värd, *n.*, a fine, broad street.
bound'ā rĭeş, *n.*, borders.
bōwl'dērş, *n.*, large rocks.
brĕck, *n.*, a seat in an Eskimo hut.
brĭl'liant lў, *adv.*, brightly.
būs'kĭnş, *n.*, a covering for foot and lower leg.

cā'pērş, *n.*, antics.
căs'cāde', *n.*, a small waterfall.
căt'ā răct, *n.*, a large waterfall.
cauşe'wăy, *n.*, a raised road over water.
cau'tious, *a.*, careful.
chăr'ĭ ŏt, *n.*, a kind of carriage.
chēer'fụl nĕss, *n.*, good spirits.
chō'rŭs, *n.*, a company of singers.
clv'ĭl, *a.*, polite.
clv'ĭl lў, *adv.*, politely.
clēr'gў man, *n.*, a minister.
cō' cŏa nŭt, *n.*, the nut of the cocoa palm.
cŏ coon', *n.*, a case spun by insects.
cŏl lĕct'ĕd, *p.*, gathered.
cŏl'lĭe, *n.*, a shepherd dog.
cŏ lŏs'sŭs, *n.*, a gigantic statue.
cŏm'fort ạ ble, *a.*, easy ; pleasing.
cŏm mēr'cial, *a.*, relating to trade.
cŏm păn'ion, *n.*, an associate.
cŏm pŭl'sion, *n.*, force.
cŏm'răde, *n.*, a mate.
cŏn çēal', *v.*, to hide.
cŏn clū'sion, *n.*, an ending.
cŏn fine'ment, *n.*, restraint.
cŏn fū'sion, *n.*, tumult.

cŏn'scious, *a.*, aware.
cŏn spĭr'ā tŏr, *n.*, a plotter.
cŏn strŭct'ĕd, *p.*, made, or built.
cŏn sŭl tā'tion, *n.*, discussion.
cŏn tĕnd', *v.*, to argue.
cŏn tĭn'ū al lў, *adv.*, constantly.
cŏn trăcts', *v.*, diminishes.
cŏn vēn'ien cў, *n.*, suitableness.
cŏpse, *n.*, a thicket.
cōurs'ēr, *n.*, a swift horse.
crăft, *n.*, a sailing vessel.
crā'tēr, *n.*, the mouth of a volcano.
crĕd'ĭt, *v.*, to believe.
crĕv'ĭçe, *n.*, a narrow crack.
crū'ĕl tў, *n.*, savage treatment.
crўs'tal, *n.*, glass.
cŭs'tom ā rў, *a.*, usual.

dē cănt'ēr, *n.*, a large bottle for liquids.
dē crĕp'ĭt, *a.*, broken with age.
dē fī'ançe, *n.*, a triumph.
dē lī'cious, *a.*, charming.
dē lĭv'ĕr ēr, *n.*, one who saves.
dē mūre'lў, *adv.*, soberly.
dē pŏş'ĭt ĕd, *v.*, placed ; let fall.
dĕş'ērt, *a.*, wild.
dē şērt'ĕd, *v.*, forsaken.
dĕs'ō lāte, *a.*, lonely.
dē spīşe', *v.*, to dislike greatly.
dē tāin', *v.*, to hinder.
dē tĕct', *v.*, to find.
dĭf'fĕr ençe, *n.*, unlikeness ; dissimilarity.
dĭ mĭn'ū tĭve, *a.*, very small.
dĭ rĕct'ĕd, *p.*, addressed.
dĭs ăd vän'tăge, *n.*, that which hinders.
dĭs cŏm'fĭ tûre, *n.*, distress.
dĭs cŭs'sion, *n.*, debate.
dĭs măn'tled, *a.*, broken down.
dĭs pērsed', *v.*, scattered.

dĭs tûrb'ançe, *n.*, disorder.
dĭ vēr'sionş, *n.*, amusements.
dĭ vērt', *v.*, to amuse.
dôr'mant, *a.*, not in action.
drēam'ĭ lў, *adv.*, as in a dream.
drēam'ў, *a.*, visionary.
dwĭn'dled, *v.*, became smaller.

ēarth'quāke, *n.*, a shaking of the earth.
ĕc'stá sў, *n.*, extreme joy.
ĕd'ĭ fĭçe, *n.*, a superior sort of building.
ĕd'ů cāt ĕd, *p.*, taught.
ĕ lăb'ò rāte, *a.*, careful.
ĕl'ĕ ments, *n.*, Nature's forces.
ĕl'ĕ vāt ĕd, *p.*, raised.
ĕm bŏssed', *a.*, ornamented.
ĕ mō'tion, *n.*, mental agitation.
ĕm ů lā'tion, *n.*, a wish to equal or surpass another.
ĕn cóm'passed, *p.*, surrounded.
ĕn dūr'á ble, *a.*, that which may be borne.
ĕn lĭv'en, *v.*, to gladden.
ĕ nôr'moŭs, *a.*, extremely large.
ĕn thū'şĭ ăşm, *n.*, intense interest.
ĕn'tránçe, *n.*, an opening.
ĕ rĕct'ĕd, *v.*, set up.
ĕs pīed', *v.*, caught sight of.
ĕx ăm'ĭned, *v.*, looked at closely.
ĕx'ĕ cū'tion, *n.*, punishment by death.
ĕx ēr'tionş, *n.*, strenuous efforts.
ĕx *h*ąus'tĕd, *a.*, much wearied.
ĕx pĭ rā'tion, *n.*, an ending.
ĕx pō'şůre, *n.*, unprotected condition.
ĕx tĕnt', *n.*, expanse.
ĕx tĭnct', *a.*, inactive.
ĕx tĭn'guĭsh, *v.*, to put out.
ĕx ŭlt'ĭng, *a.*, rejoicing.

ey'rie (ā'rў), *n.*, a bird's nest on a high cliff.

fá mĭl'iar, *a.*, intimate.
făn tăs'tĭc, *a.*, fanciful.
făth'òm, *n.*, a measure of six feet.
făth'òm, *v.*, to comprehend.
fā'vòr ĭte, *a.*, best liked.
fēar'lĕss, *a.*, daring; wild.
fĕath'ĕr ў, *a.*, light, like feathers.
fĕs'tĭ val, *n.*, a time of feasting.
fĭl'lў, *n.*, a young mare.
flāil, *n.*, an instrument for threshing grain.
flăt'tĕr ĭng, *a.*, pleasing.
flū'ent, *a.*, flowing.
fôr'tĭ fĭed, *a.*, made strong against attack.
frăn'tĭc, *a.*, wild.
fûrz'ў, *a.*, abounding in furze, or gorse.

găm'bŏl, *v.*, to skip.
ġēn'ĭal, *a.*, mild.
glō'rĭ fĭed, *a.*, illumined.
grăn'deůr, *n.*, majesty.
grăt'ĭ fў, *v.*, to satisfy.
grĭēved, *v.*, made sorry.
grŏt'tŏ, *n.*, an artificial cavern.
gu*ä*rd'ĭ an, *n.*, a protector.
gûr'glĭng, *a.*, bubbling.

hăb ĭ tā'tion, *n.*, a dwelling.
hăt*c*h'ĕş, *n.*, openings in a ship's deck.
hą*ugh*'tĭ lў, *adv.*, proudly.
hăz'ärd oŭs, *a.*, dangerous.
h*e*ärt'lĕss, *a.*, unkind; cruel.
hēi*gh*t'ĕned, *v.*, increased.
hĕl'mĕt, *n.*, a covering for the head.
hĭp'pŏ pŏt'á mŭs, *n.*, an animal of Africa.
***h*ŏn'or á ble**, *a.*, upright.

hŏs'pĭ tăl'ĭ tў, *n.*, entertainment of guests.
hў'drō stăt'ĭcs, *n.*, the science of fluids.

ĭl lĭt'ēr āte, *a.*, untaught.
ĭm ăġ'ĭ nă rў, *a.*, unreal.
ĭm ăġ'ĭ nā'tĭon, *n.*, the fancy.
ĭm ăġ'ĭn ĭng, *n.*, make believe.
ĭm'ĭ tāte, *v.*, to copy.
ĭm mē'dĭ āte lў, *adv.*, at once; forthwith.
ĭm mēr'sion, *n.*, a plunging into water.
ĭm pēr'tĭ nĕnçe, *n.*, rudeness.
ĭm pōrt'ĕd, *p.*, brought from a foreign land.
ĭm prĕssed', *p.*, gratified.
ĭm prĕs'sion, *n.*, a mark.
ĭn cā'pá ble, *a.*, unable.
ĭn cĕs'sant, *a.*, unceasing.
ĭn clō'ṣûre, *n.*, a space shut in.
ĭn cŏm mōd'ĕd, *v.*, annoyed.
ĭn cûrred', *v.*, become liable to.
ĭn'dĭ cāt ĕd, *v.*, showed.
ĭn dŭs'trĭ ŏŭs, *a.*, very busy.
ĭn'fĭ nĭte lў, *adv.*, extremely.
ĭn ġĕ nū'ĭ tў, *n.*, skill.
ĭn jû dĭ'cious, *a.*, unwise.
ĭn'nŏ çençe, *n.*, purity.
ĭn quired', *v.*, asked.
ĭn sĭst'ĕd, *v.*, urged.
ĭn spĕct'ĭng, *p.*, examining carefully.
ĭn spĕc'tion, *n.*, close examination.
ĭn stĭnc'tĭve lў, *adv.*, naturally.
ĭn tĕnt', *a.*, absorbed.
ĭn tĕr rŭpt'ĕd, *v.*, checked.
ĭn tĕr sĕct'ĭng, *a.*, crossing.
ĭn'tĕr val, *n.*, a space between things.
ĭn vĕnt'ĕd, *v.*, discovered.

jĕal'oŭs ў, *n.*, envy.
jŏl'ĭ tў, *n.*, gayety.
jŭn'gleş, *n.*, thickets.
jūn'ĭor, *a.*, younger.
jū'nĭ pēr, *n.*, a kind of plant.

lá mĕnt'ĕd, *v.*, grieved.
lă*unched*, *v.*, set afloat.
lē*i*'ṣûre, *n.*, convenience.
lĭb'ēr tў, *n.*, freedom.
lĭn'gēr ĭng, *a.*, passing slowly.
lĭz'ard, *n.*, a kind of reptile.
lŏg'á rĭthm, *n.*, an arithmetical term.

măn ŭ făc'tûre, *v.*, to make.
má tē'rĭ alş, *n.*, goods; substance.
mĕd'ĭ çĭne, *n.*, remedy for sickness.
mĕn'tioned, *p.*, spoken of.
mĕ rĭd'ĭ an, *n.*, noonday.
mĭn'strĕl sў, *n.*, song.
mĭx'en, *n.*, a compost heap.
mois'ten, *v.*, to dampen.
mûr'dĕred, *v.*, wickedly killed.
mŭs'quaṣh, *n.*, the muskrat.
mўs tē'rĭ oŭs, *a.*, not understood.

nĕg'lĭ ġençe, *n.*, lack of order.
nĕrv'oŭs, *a.*, irritable.
nĕs'tlĭngs, *n.*, baby birds in a nest.
nū'mĕr oŭs, *a.*, in great number.

ŏb scūred', *v.*, not to be seen clearly.
ŏb ṣĕrv'á tŏ rў, *n.*, a building used by astronomers.
ŏb'stá cle, *n.*, a hindrance.
ŏc cā'sion al, *a.*, happening at intervals.
ŏc cûr'rençe, *n.*, an event.
ŏf fĕnd'ĕd, *v.*, displeased.
ŏf fĕnse', *n.*, a crime.
ŏ pĭn'ion, *n.*, an idea.

ŏp pŏr tī'nĭ tў, *n.*, a convenient time.
ŏp'tĭcs, *n.*, the science of light and vision.
ŏr'gĭeş, *n.*, a carousal.
ō'rĭ ōle, *n.*, a kind of song bird.
out'rāged, *v.*, acted badly.

păck'ĕt, *n.*, a parcel.
păl'an quĭn', *n.*, a litter borne on men's shoulders.
păl'ĭ sāde', *n.*, a fence of stakes set in the ground.
păm'phlĕts, *n.*, small books not bound.
păr'á dīse, *n.*, a place of perfect happiness.
păr'á pĕt, *n.*, a low wall to a building.
pā'tient, *a.*, composed.
pá vĭl'ion, *n.*, a canopy.
pēr çēive', *v.*, to have knowledge of.
pĕr'ĭshed, *v.*, died.
pēr sĕ vēr'anç̣e, *n.*, constant effort.
pēr suād'ĕd, *v.*, induced.
pē'wēe, *n.*, a kind of bird.
piqued, *v.*, (pēkt) prided.
plāin'tĭve, *a.*, sorrowful.
pŏmp'oŭs, *a.*, showy; proud.
pōs'tērn, *n.*, a rear door or gate.
pow'ĕr fụl, *a.*, very strong.
prēened, *v.*, trimmed the feathers.
prĕp'á rā'tion, *n.*, plans.
prė pāred', *v.*, made ready.
prė şĕnt'ĕd, *v.*, gave.
prė şērve', *v.*, to keep.
prė vĕnt', *v.*, to hinder.
prŏb'á ble, *a.*, likely.
prŏ bŏs'çĭs, *n.*, a snout, or trunk.
prŏm'ĭ nent, *a.*, conspicuous.
prŏ pĕn'sĭ tў, *n.*, inclination.
prŏp ŏ şĭ'tion, *n.*, a theorem; a plan.
prŏs'pēred, *v.*, did well.
prŏ tĕc'tion, *n.*, shelter.
prŏx ĭm'ĭ tў, *n.*, nearness.
prụ'dent, *a.*, sensible; economical.

quāiled, *v.*, flinched.
quĭv'ĕr ĭng, *a.*, trembling.

rā'dĭ anç̣e, *n.*, brightness.
rā'dĭ ant, *a.*, shining.
răft'ērş, *n.*, timbers of a roof.
răm'bled, *v.*, wandered.
ră pĭd'ĭ tў, *n.*, swiftness; speed.
ré lēved', *v.*, made free.
ré lŭc'tant, *a.*, disinclined.
ré märk'á ble, *a.*, extraordinary.
ré pūte', *n.*, reputation.
rĕs'cŭ ēr, *n.*, one who saves.
ré şĕm'ble, *v.*, to be like.
ré şĭst'ĕd, *v.*, withstood.
ré spŏnd'ĕd, *v.*, made answer.
ré şôrt', *n.*, a haunt.
ré tāin'ēr, *n.*, a follower.
ré trēat'ĕd, *v.*, fell back.
ré vōlt', *n.*, an insurrection.
rĭb'ald rў, *n.*, low, vulgar talk.
rĭ dĭc'ŭ loŭs, *a.*, absurd; laughable.
rĭv'en, *a.*, split.
rụ'mórş, *n.*, uncertain reports.
rụth'lĕss, *a.*, cruel.

săg'á mōre, *n.*, an Indian chief.
săun'tĕred, *n.*, wandered.
şạw'yĕr, *n.*, a tree fallen into a stream and partly in sight.
schŏl'ár, *n.*, a learned person.
scĭm'ĭ tar, *n.*, a kind of saber.
scrēeş, *n.* (Scotch), stones.

sȱ cūre′lў, *a.*, fast.
sĕn sā′tion̤s, *n.*, perceptions.
sēr′vĭ tȯr, *n.*, a servant.
shĭm′mērs̤, *v.*, glistens with tremulous light.
shĭv′ēr, *v.*, to shake; as from cold or fear.
shrĭn̤k, *v.*, to recoil.
shrouds̤, *n.*, a set of ropes for a ship's mast.
sĭ ĕr′rā, *n.*, a ridge of mountains.
sĭm ĭ lăr′ĭ tў, *n.*, likeness.
sĭm plĭc′ĭ tў, *n.*, plainness.
sĭt′ū ā tĕd, *v.*, located.
slo͞op, *n.*, a vessel having but one mast.
slŭm′bēred, *v.*, slept.
smēared, *a.*, daubed.
smĭt′ten, *p.*, struck.
snăp′drăg ȯn, *n.*, a kind of plant.
sŏl′ĭ tā rў, *a.*, alone.
sȱ nō′rous, *a.*, resounding.
spĕc′tral, *a.*, ghostlike.
spĕc ū lā′tion̤s, *n.*, buying and selling for profit.
spĭr′ĭt, *n.*, the soul.
spōrt′ĭve, *a.*, playful.
spûrs̤, *n.*, claws.
squad′rȯn, *n.*, a company.
squall, *n.*, a violent gust of wind.
stär′bōard, *a.*, pertaining to the right-hand side of a vessel.
stär′lĭng, *n.*, a kind of bird.
stŏck ād′e, *n.*, a barricade.
stō′ĭc, *n.*, a person not easily excited.
străth, *n.* (Scotch), a river valley.
sŭb mĭt′, *v.*, to yield.
sŭb sīd′ĕd, *v.*, fell back.
sŭf′fēred, *v.*, endured.
sŭg ges̤′tion̤, *n.*, an idea
sŭm′mȯned, *v.*, called.

sŭp′ple, *a.*, pliant.
sŭr rĕn′dēred, *v.*, yielded.
sŭr round′ĕd, *p.*, inclosed.
sŭs pĕnse′, *n.*, doubt.
sўm′pā thў, *n.*, friendliness.
sўm′pā thīze, *v.*, to have sympathy.
sўmp′tȯms̤, *n.*, signs.

tăn̤′gled, *a.*, twisted.
tĕl′ĕ scōpe, *n.*, a large magnifying glass.
tĕnch, *n.*, a sort of fish.
tĕn′dȯn̤s̤, *n.*, sinews.
tĕs′tĭ lў, *adv.*, sharply.
thrăsh′ēr, *n.*, the brown thrush.
thrĕat′ened, *v.*, menaced.
thrīv′ĭng, *a.*, prospering.
thwart, *n.*, a seat in a boat.
tĭt ĭl lā′tion, *n.*, a tickling.
tȯn′nāge, *n.*, a ship's capacity.
trăn̤′quĭl, *a.*, quiet.
trăns fĭxed,′ *v.*, pierced.
trăns pâr′ent, *a.*, clear.
trī′al, *n.*, a test.
trĭb′ūte, *n.*, a token of honor.

ŭn bĕ lĭēv′ĭng, *a.*, doubtful.
ŭn cŏn çērned′, *a.*, undisturbed.
ŭn dēr mĭned′, *v.*, excavated.
ŭn fȯr′tū nāte, *a.*, unlucky.
ū nĭque′, *a.*, unusual.
ū nīt′ĕd, *v.*, joined.
ŭn wiēld′ў, *a.*, bulky; clumsy.

vāgue, *a.*, indistinct.
vā′rĭ ē gā′tĕd, *a.*, brightly marked.
văr′lĕt, *n.*, a young serving man.
vaul̤t, *n.*, a dome.
vaul̤t′ĕd, *v.*, leaped.
vĭc′ar, *n.*, a parish priest.
vĭg′ȯr oŭs, *a.*, strong.

vĭl'lȧ, *n.*, a country house of some elegance.
vi'ŏ lençe, *n.*, force.
vĭr'ē ŏ, *n.*, a kind of song bird.
vĭs'ĭ ble, *a.*, that which may be seen.
vŏl cā'nō, *n.*, an eruptive mountain.
wĭtch, *n.*, an evil spirit.
wĭth'ĕred, *a.*, dried.
wrăth'fụl, *a.*, angry.

zē'nĭth, *n.*, the highest point of the heavens.

PROPER NAMES

A mi cis
(ä mee′chees)
Än ä′to
Ăn′dros cŏg′gĭn
As′cham (ăs′kam)
Å shŭn′kĭ
Bạl′dẽr
Bạl′tŭs vän Tås′sel
Bas tille (bȧs tēl′)
Be bee (bā′bā′)
Brä bänt′
Căn′å dȧ
Chrĭs tĭ ăn′å
Clü′nў
Clўm′e nė
Cru′sȯe
Cū′bȧ
Dė fōe′
Du Chaill u
(dü shä′yü′)
Ê ġўp′tian
Eng land (ĭn′gland)
Ē′ŏs
Ĕr′ĭk
Ĕs′kĭ mȯ
*E*ū′rȯpe
Găv rōche′
Glŭm dăl′clĭtch
Gū′drĭd
Hē′lĭ ŏs
Hė phaīs′tȯs
Hĕs pē′rĭ ăn
Hŏl′land
Īçe′land
Īre′land
Kăp å nī′å*h*
Läe′kĕn
Lä′mȯnd
Lăm pe′tĭ ē
Lů cille′
Mech lin (mĕk′lĭn)
Mĕl′lĕk
Mĕr′*r*ĭ măc
Mў ŭg′nȧ
Nän′sen
Nĕv′vů
Nī ăg′å rȧ
Nĭd′ĭ vẽr
Ŏg′lĭk
Ōo lo͞o′nĭ
Ō sĭn′go
Phā′ë thŏn
Rĕm′bạuld
R*h*īne
Săl ä′dĭn
Sc*h*ĕld*t*
Scŏt′tĭsh
Sĕn′nŭ*h*
Shī′när
Sĭg′nȧ
Sĭ′gûrd
So*u* *h*ē′găn
Swē′den
Tăm′bour
Thames (tĕmz)
Thĕs sā′lĭ an
Thĭ ôr′vå
Tī′bẽr
Zä*a*n′däm′
Zeus (zūs)

VASTLY SUPERIOR IN MANY FEATURES TO OTHERS

THE MORSE READERS

By DR. THOMAS T. BALLIET, Supt. of Schools, Springfield, Mass., and ELLA M. POWERS, Primary Educator

FIVE BOOK SERIES OF PRACTICAL GRADED TEXT

They contain all the valuable features necessary for the best modern readers.

The Best Principles of Child Study represented in the selections and treatment.

Subjects which develop the keen interest and thought of pupils of each grade.

Simple, Progressive Vocabulary and accurate grading throughout.

The Classic Literature of Fables, in connection with other choice material, giving variety and interest.

Artistic Illustrations, Reproductions from Masterpieces, and Pen Drawings, with all of which the lessons harmonize.

The Diacritical Marks in Second and Third Books, which represent the best modern method in accordance with Webster's International Dictionary. Also an edition without marks.

Pedagogically sound in all points.

High class of mechanical work, which speaks for itself.

This series will meet all requirements and give the results in reading which teachers are working for.

If there is a chance for adoption, we shall take pleasure in sending to you, or your committee, such books of the series as may be desirable.

The List Prices are: First Book, 25 cents; Second Book, 36 cents; Third Book, 48 cents; Fourth Book, 60 cents; Fifth Book, 66 cents.

With Liberal Discount for introduction.

THE MORSE COMPANY

96 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

196 WABASH AVENUE, CHICAGO 8 BEACON STREET, BOSTON

GEO. W. TWITMYER, Superintendent, Wilmington, Del.

"I am very greatly pleased with the Morse Readers, which contain all of the best features of the modern readers, and I shall want them in our schools in the near future. Will you kindly quote me introduction and exchange prices?"

MISS GERTRUDE EDMUND, Prin. Normal Training School, Lowell, Mass.

"I am thoroughly familiar with the Morse Readers and consider them the finest readers, grade for grade, in existence to-day. I emphasize particularly the wonderful grip on child life, the accurate grading, and the beautiful mechanical work done."

MISS ELLEN FITZGERALD, Primary Method Teacher, Worcester, Mass.

"I find the Morse Readers beautiful and valuable books. The print and the illustrations are most attractive. All teachers must appreciate the persistency of the authors in keeping the short sentences almost to the end of the first book, and the accurate grading.

M. V. O'SHEA, Prof. School of Pedagogy, University of Wisconsin.

"I much like the general get up of your readers. I think the Second and Third Books represent my idea of what ought to be given to children."

JOS. CARTER, Superintendent, Champaign, Ill.

"I am pleased to say that their grading is excellent; their material interesting and of a high educational value; their plan reveals the work of a thorough teacher, and, on the whole, they are truly works of art."

W. S. ROBINSON, Superintendent, Fostoria, Ohio.

"I was greatly attracted by the readers, and can say that they are among the very best I have ever seen, both from the literary and mechanical standpoints. The Second and Third Readers are especially fine."

THE MORSE COMPANY

96 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

196 WABASH AVENUE, CHICAGO **8 BEACON STREET, BOSTON**

MORSE SPELLER.

BY PROF. SAMUEL T. DUTTON.

TEACHERS' COLLEGE, COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY.

A NATURAL, INTERESTING AND ECONOMICAL METHOD OF TEACHING WORDS.

THE CORRELATION OF SPELLING WITH GEOGRAPHY, HISTORY, SCIENCE AND LITERATURE.

MAILING PRICE, COMPLETE, 30 CENTS. LIBERAL DISCOUNT TO SCHOOLS.
PART I, 16 CENTS; PART II, 20 CENTS.

Dr. C. H. Levermore, Pres. Adelphi College, Brooklyn, N. Y.—"I am much impressed with the plan of the 'Morse Speller.' In general, I think that this book has a more sensible plan than that of any other spelling book I know."

W. F. Gordy, Supervising Prin. Public Schools, Hartford, Conn.—"The 'Morse Speller' is almost an ideal book. Its plan is in every way sensible and practical, and its intelligent use must lead to the best results in the school-room."

W. E. Bates, Supt. Schools, Fall River, Mass.—"The 'Morse Speller' is an excellent book. Dictation ought to be the principal feature of instruction in spelling, and in this book it is made so."

J. A. Shawan, Supt. Schools, Columbus, Ohio.—"The 'Morse Speller' emphasizes the spelling of words in their proper relation to other words in sentences. The excellent exercises for dictation will prove valuable drills in the proper forms of written language. The introduction of words at the proper time which have a bearing upon other subjects under consideration, has been admirably managed. I congratulate you on the work, and wish you success."

Prof. Edward R. Shaw, Dean of the School of Pedagogy, New York City.—"It is my idea of an ideal up-to-date speller."

Chas. S. Davis, Supt. of Schools, Amsterdam, N.Y.—"I have been opposed to the use of a speller for many years, but I find the 'Morse Speller' overcomes the objections I have held against the old method. We have adopted it, and will require many thousand copies."

THE MORSE COMPANY...PUBLISHERS,

Main Office: 96 Fifth Avenue, New York.

CHICAGO: 195 and 197 Wabash Ave. BOSTON: 8 Beacon St.

A BOOK WHICH MEETS A POPULAR DEMAND.

-- THE --
QUINCY WORD LIST

BY

FRANK E. PARLIN, A.M.,

SUPERINTENDENT, QUINCY, MASS.

CLOTH, MAILING PRICE, 24 CENTS.

Over 6,000 of the most common, practical words in use, carefully graded according to "content" rather than according to length, and arranged in groups in an original manner for all grades, with a positive plan for thorough work. For all those who desire a WORD LIST this will be found to be in the most effective form for successful results.

A FEW FROM A MASS OF SIMILAR TESTIMONIALS:

A. L. BARBOUR, Superintendent, Natick, Mass.—I like it very much. It is correct in plan, and I know it to be effective in results. My Board has unanimously adopted it.

JNO. A. ROBB, Superintendent, Lock Haven, Pa.—I am much pleased with it. Would like to have it in our schools and will recommend it.

W. M. SWINGLE, Superintendent, Orange, N. J.—I think it an excellent selection, well graded and logically arranged.

C. F. PALMER, Superintendent, Northboro, Mass.—I like it. It is good.

F. E. SANFORD, Superintendent, La Grange, Ill.—The best book to use in teaching the mechanics of spelling in a graded school I have ever seen.

J. L. JOHNSON, Superintendent, Salem, Ohio.—Your "Quincy Word List" is full of good lists for drill, and would be of service to any grade teacher.

E. C. WARRINER, Superintendent, Saginaw, Mich.—I am very well pleased with the book.

A. P. BOSTWICK, Superintendent, Clinton, Iowa.—A very good list and well graded.

L. A. FOOSE, Superintendent, Harrisburg, Pa.—It is a very convenient book, containing as it does lists of words for eight grades, arranged alphabetically and in groups.

C. HENRY KAIN, Assistant Superintendent, Philadelphia, Pa.—I am much pleased with it. The suggestions to teachers are especially helpful.

THE MORSE COMPANY, PUBLISHERS,

MAIN OFFICE: 96 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

BOSTON: 8 BEACON STREET. CHICAGO: 195 WABASH AVENUE.

AMERICAN HISTORY SERIES.

By SAMUEL T. DUTTON,

Teacher's College, Columbia University, New York.

INDIANS AND PIONEERS;

OR,

EARLIEST DAYS IN AMERICA, BOOK I, 72 Cents.
THE COLONIES, BOOK II, - - - 80 Cents.

IN PREPARATION:

THE REVOLUTION, BOOK III.
THE ADMINISTRATION, BOOK IV.

Accurate history in very attractive, narrative form for young people, covering prehistoric, glacial, and stone ages, in a manner almost as interesting as a romance.

It also covers the historic features of the early colonial or pioneer days.

The dry subject of the early history of our country becomes animated with life under the author's fresh treatment.

The authentic illustrations, and the great number of them, add greatly to the interest of the historical narrative. Altogether, it is one of the most attractive historical text-books within the reach of progressive schools.

C. B. Gilbert, Superintendent, Newark, N. J.—The treatment is clear, accurate and interesting. We find them just what we require and have adopted them.

H. Q. Sargent, School Director, Cleveland, O.—They fill a place in historical literature that has been sadly neglected.

Fred Gowing, State Superintendent, New Hampshire.—They are far away ahead of the hack-made historical Readers, which are common enough—printed to sell, not to use There is a charm in reading due to accuracy and soundness.

Liberal Discount to Schools.

THE MORSE COMPANY, Publishers,

Main Office, 96 Fifth Avenue, New York.

195 Wabash Avenue, CHICAGO. 8 Beacon Street, BOSTON

NEW CENTURY DEVELOPMENT MAPS.

DESIGNED BY H. A. MACGOWAN.

AN ENTIRELY NEW AS WELL AS ELABORATE SERIES OF MAPS IN OUTLINE.

For use in Elementary and Secondary Schools for representing the innumerable features that may be expressed graphically of **Physical, Political, Mathematical and Descriptive Geography, History, Meteorology, Geology and Statistics.**

PRONOUNCED BY PRACTICAL EDUCATORS TO BE THE BEST AND MOST ECONOMICAL.

	READY.	MAILING PRICES.
North America,	Single Map,	40 Cents per Block
South America,	Single Map,	40 " " "
Europe,	Double Map,	40 " " "
Asia,	Double Map,	40 " " "
Africa,	Single Map,	40 " " "
United States,	Double Map,	40 " " "
Middle Atlantic States,	Single Map,	40 " " "
The World on the Mercator Projection,	Single Map,	40 " " "
British Isles,	Single Map,	40 " " "
Mediterranean Countries,	Double Map,	40 " " "
New England,	Single Map,	40 " " "
Central States (eastern section),	Single Map,	40 " " "
Southern States (eastern section),	Single Map,	40 " " "
Pacific States (northern section),	Single Map,	40 " " "
Australia,	Double Map,	40 " " "
Greece,	Double Map,	40 " " "

CUBA, PORTO RICO, PHILIPPINES AND MANY OTHERS READY.

Richard E. Dodge, Associate Professor Natural Science, Teachers' College, New York City.—"The series of outline maps published by The Morse Company are a very valuable addition to the mechanical outfit for teaching the geographical distribution of peoples, climate, physical features, products, etc. The maps are printed on good paper, of a size to be readily inserted in note books, and are put up in blocks, of fifty, each selling at forty cents a block. They are cheap, clear and convenient, and are far better than any other outline maps, raised or plain thus far examined."

THE MORSE COMPANY...PUBLISHERS.

MAIN OFFICE: 96 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK.

Chicago Office: 195 and 197 Wabash Ave. Boston Office: 8 Beacon St.

THE BEST MODERN BOOKS

	LIST PRICE
ATWOOD'S ALGEBRA SERIES	
HIGHER ALGEBRA	$0.72
STANDARD SCHOOL ALGEBRA	1.08
GRAMMAR SCHOOL ALGEBRA	.54
EXERCISES IN ALGEBRA	.72
STANDARD SCHOOL PHYSIOLOGY. Smith-Willard	.72
EASY EXPERIMENTS IN PHYSICS. Preston Smith	.54
THE QUINCY GRAPHIC ARITHMETIC. Mackintosh-Parlin	.18
MORSE'S EDUCATIONAL SYSTEM COPY BOOKS, per dozen	.72
AMERICAN HISTORY, ONE-BOOK TEXT. Chancellor	1.00
SPRACHE UND GESPRACH, GERMAN READER. Loesberg-Kolbe	.72
GEMS OF GERMAN LITERATURE. Loesberg	.36
THE MORSE READERS. Powers-Balliet. Five Books	.25, .36, .48, .60, .65
NEW CENTURY READERS (Classical). Thompson. Three Books	.25, .36, .48
For Childhood Days, I; Fairy Tale and Fable, II; Nature, Myth and Story, III	
PHONETIC READER. Deane. One Book	.36
THE MORSE SPELLER. Dutton	.25
THE QUINCY WORD LIST. Parlin	.22
GEOGRAPHICAL SERIES	
AROUND THE WORLD. Carroll. Three Books	.36, .45, .54
HISTORICAL SERIES	
INDIANS AND PIONEERS. Hazard-Dutton	.60
COLONIES. Dutton	.72
STORY OF THE INDIANS OF NEW ENGLAND. Burton	.60
HISTORICAL OUTLINES AND CIVIL GOVERNMENT. Cromer	.45
REVIVAL OF ENGLISH POETRY IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY Buckingham	.72
RED LETTER DAYS AND RED LETTER FACTS. Hall-Lennox	.60
NATURE'S BYWAYS. Ford	.36
STORIES FROM THE POETS. Atwater	.25
FAR EAST AND FAR WEST RED CHILDREN. Pratt	.25
A NATURE CALENDAR. Thompson	.36
NEW CENTURY DEVELOPMENT MAPS	.36
NEW CENTURY BUSY WORK, per box or set	15, .18
MOTOR-MENTAL BOARDS OF EDUCATION	.48

THESE BOOKS WILL BE SENT POSTPAID ON RECEIPT OF PRICE.

THE MORSE COMPANY,

8 Beacon St.	96 Fifth Ave.	195 Wabash Ave.
BOSTON	NEW YORK	CHICAGO

To avoid fine, this book should be returned on
or before the date last stamped below

10M—9-38

BALCONY COLLECTION
CURRICULUM LIBRARY
428.42
P888
bk.4

Tx
428.42
P88 4

Powers, L.M. and Balliet, T.M.
The Morse readers

588487

NAME DATE NAME DATE

LIBRARY, SCHOOL OF EDUCATION, STANFORD

588487